

# THE CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

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## The Adventures of Harry Richmond.

### CHAPTER XIII.

WE CONDUCT SEVERAL LEARNED ARGUMENTS WITH THE  
CAPTAIN OF THE PRISCILLA.



APTAIN WELSH soon conquered us. The latest meal we had eaten was on the frosty common under the fir-trees. After a tremendous fast, with seasickness supervening, the eggs and bacon, and pleasant benevolent-smelling tea on the Captain's table were things not to be resisted by two healthy boys who had previously stripped and faced buckets of maddening ice-cold salt-water, dashed at us by a jolly sailor. An open mind for new impressions came with the warmth of our

clothes. We ate, bearing within us the souls of injured innocents; nevertheless, we were thankful, and, to the captain's Grace, a long one, we bowed heads decently. It was a glorious breakfast, for which land and sea had prepared us in about equal degrees: I confess, my feelings when I jumped out of the cabin were almost those of one born afresh to

life and understanding. Temple and I took counsel. We agreed that sulking would be ridiculous, unmanly, ungentelemanly. The captain had us fast, as if we were under a lion's paw; he was evidently a well-meaning man, a fanatic deluded concerning our characters: the barque *Priscilla* was bound for a German port, and should arrive there in a few days,—why not run the voyage merrily since we were treated with kindness? Neither the squire nor Temple's father could complain of our conduct; we were simply victims of an error that was assisting us to a knowledge of the world, a youth's proper ambition. "And we're not going to be starved," said Temple.

I smiled, thinking I perceived the reason why I had failed in my oration overnight; so I determined that on no future occasion would I let pride stand in the way of provender. Breakfast had completely transformed us. We held it due to ourselves that we should demand explanations from Joseph Double, the mate, and then, after hearing him furnish them with a cordial alacrity to which we might have attached unlimited credence had he not protested against our dreaming him to have supplied hot rum-and-water on board, we wrote our names and addresses in the captain's log-book, and immediately asked permission to go to the mast-head. He laughed. Out of his cabin there was no smack of the preacher in him. His men said he was a stout seaman, mad on the subject of grog and girls. Why, it was on account of grog and girls that he was giving us this dish of salt-water to purify us! Grog and girls! cried we. We vowed upon our honour as gentlemen we had tasted grog for the first time in our lives on board the *Priscilla*. How about the girls? they asked. We informed them we knew none but girls who were ladies. Thereupon one sailor nodded, one sent up a crow, one said the misfortune of the case lay in all girls being such precious fine ladies; and one spoke in dreadfully blank language, he accused us of treating the *Priscilla* as a tavern for the entertainment of bad company, stating that he had helped to row me and my associates from the shore to the ship. "Poor Mr. Double!" says he; "there was only one way for him to jump you two young gentlemen out o' that snapdragon bowl you was in—or quashmire, call it; so he 'ticed you on board wi' the bait you was swallowing, which was making the devil serve the Lord's turn. And I'll remember that night, for I yielded to swearing, and drank too!" The other sailors roared with laughter.

I tipped them, not to appear offended by their suspicions. We thought them all hypocrites, and were as much in error as if we had thought them all honest.

Things went fairly well with the exception of the lessons in Scripture. Our work was mere playing at sailing, helping furl sails, haul ropes, study charts, carry messages, and such like. Temple made his voice shrewdly emphatic to explain to the captain that we liked the work, but that such lessons as these out of Scripture were what the veriest youngsters were crammed with.

"Such lessons as these, maybe, don't have the meaning on land they get to have on the high seas," replied the captain: "and those youngsters you talk of were not called in to throw a light on passages; for I may teach you ship's business aboard my barque, but we're all children inside the Book."

He groaned heartily to hear that our learning lay in the direction of Pagan gods and goddesses, and heathen historians and poets; adding, it was not new to him, and perhaps that was why the world was as it was. Nor did he wonder, he said, at our running from studies of those filthy writings loose upon London; it was as natural as dunghill steam. Temple pretended he was forced by the captain's undue severity to defend Venus; he said, I thought rather wittily, "Sailors ought to have a respect for her, for she was born in the middle of the sea, and she steered straight for land, so she must have had a pretty good idea of navigation."

But the captain answered none the less keenly, "She had her idea of navigating, as the devil of mischief always has, in the direction where there's most to corrupt; and, my lad, she teaches the navigation that leads to the bottom beneath us."

He might be right, still our mien was evil in reciting the lessons from Scripture; and though Captain Welsh had intelligence we could not drill into it the how and the why of the indignity we experienced. We had rather he had been a savage captain, to have braced our spirits to sturdy resistance, instead of a mild, good-humoured man of kind intentions, who lent us his linen to wear, fed us at his table, and taxed our most gentlemanly feelings to find excuses for him. Our way of revenging ourselves becomingly was to laud the heroes of antiquity, as if they had possession of our souls and touched the fountain of worship. Whenever Captain Welsh exclaimed, "Well done," or the equivalent, "That's an idea," we referred him to Plutarch for our great exemplar. It was Alcibiades gracefully consuming his black broth that won the captain's thanks for theological acuteness, or the young Telemachus suiting his temper to the dolphin's moods, since he must somehow get on shore on the dolphin's back. Captain Welsh could not perceive in Temple the personifier of Alcibiades, nor Telemachus in me; but he was aware of an obstinate obstruction behind our compliance. This he called the devil curled like a snake in its winter sleep. He hurled texts at it openly, or slyly dropped a particularly heavy one, in the hope of surprising it with a death-blow. We beheld him poring over his Bible for texts that should be sovereign medicines for us, deadly for the devil within us. Consequently, we were on the defensive: bits of Cicero, bits of Seneca, soundly and nobly moral, did service on behalf of Paganism; we remembered them certainly almost as if an imp had brought them from afar. Nor had we any desire to be in opposition to the cause he supported. What we were opposed to was the dogmatic arrogance of a just but ignorant man, who had his one specific for everything, and saw mortal sickness in all other remedies or recreations. Temple said to him,—

"If the Archbishop of Canterbury were to tell me Greek and Latin authors are bad for me, I should listen to his remarks, because he's a scholar: he knows the languages, and knows what they contain."

Captain Welsh replied,—

"If the Archbishop o' Canterbury sailed the sea, and lived in Foul Alley, Waterside, when on shore, and so felt what it is to toss on top of the waves o' perdition, he'd understand the value of a big, clean, well-manned, well-provisioned ship, instead o' your galliots wi' gaudy sails, your barges that can't rise to a sea, your yachts that run to port like mother's pets at first pipe o' the storm, your trim-built wherries."

"So you'd have only one sort of vessel afloat!" said I. "There's the difference of a man who's a scholar."

"I'd have," said the captain, "every lad like you, my lad, trained in the big ship, and he wouldn't capsize, and be found betrayed by his light timbers as I found you. Serve your apprenticeship in the Lord's three-decker; then to command what you may."

"No, no, Captain Welsh," says Temple: "you must grind at Latin and Greek when you're a chick, or you won't ever master the rudiments. Upon my honour, I declare it's the truth, you must. If you'd like to try, and are of a mind for a go at Greek, we'll do our best to help you through the aorists. It looks harder than Latin, but after a start it's easier. Only, I'm afraid your three-decker's apprenticeship 'll stand in your way."

"Greek's to be done for me; I can pay clever gentlemen for doing Greek for me," said the captain. "The knowledge and the love of virtue I must do for myself; and not to be wrecked, I must do it early."

"Well, that's neither learning nor human nature," said I.

"It's the knowledge o' the right rules for human nature, my lad."

"Would you kidnap youngsters to serve in your ship, captain?"

"I'd bless the wind that blew them there, foul or not, my lad."

"And there they'd stick when you had them, captain?"

"I'd think it was the Lord's will they should stick there awhile, my lad—yes."

"And what of their parents?"

"Youngsters out like gossamers on a wind, their parents are where they sow themselves, my lad."

"I call that hard on the real parents, Captain Welsh," said Temple.

"It's harder on Providence when parents breed that kind o' light creature, my lad."

We were all getting excited, talking our best, such as it was; the captain leaning over his side of the table, clasping his hands unintentionally preacher-like; we on our side supporting our chins on our fists, quick to be at him. Temple was brilliant; he wanted to convert the captain, and avowed it.

"For," said he, "you're not like one of those tract-fellows. You're a man we can respect, a good seaman, master of your ship, and hearty, and no mewing sanctimoniousness, and we can see and excuse your



mistake as to us two ; but now, there's my father at home—he's a good man, but he's a man of the world, and reads his classics and his Bible, He's none the worse for it, I assure you."

"Where was his son the night of the fog?" said the captain.

"Well, he happened to be out in it."

"Where'd he be now but for one o' my men?"

"Who can answer that, Captain Welsh?"

"I can, my lad—stewing in an ante-room of hell-gates, I verily believe."

Temple sighed at the captain's infatuation, and said,—

"I'll tell you of a fellow at our school named Drew; he was old Rippenger's best theological scholar—always got the prize for theology. Well, he was a confirmed sneak. I've taken him into a corner and described the torments of dying to him, and his look was disgusting—he broke out in a clammy sweat. 'Don't, don't!' he'd cry. 'You're just the fellow to suffer intensely,' I told him. And what was his idea of escaping it? Why, by learning the whole of Deuteronomy and the Acts of the Apostles by heart! His idea of Judgment Day was old Rippenger's half-yearly examination. These are facts, you know, Captain Welsh."

I testified to them briefly.

The captain said a curious thing: "I'll make an appointment with you in leviathan's jaws the night of a storm, my lad."

"With pleasure," said Temple.

"The Lord send it!" exclaimed the captain.

His head was bent forward, and he was gazing up into his eyebrows.

Before we knew that anything was coming, he was out on a narrative of a scholar of one of the Universities. Our ears were indifferent to the young man's career from the heights of fortune to delirium tremens down the cataract of brandy, until the captain spoke of a dark night on the Pool of the Thames; and here his voice struggled, and we tried hard to catch the thread of the tale. Two men and a girl were in a boat. The men fought, the girl shrieked, the boat was upset, the three were drowned.

All this came so suddenly that nothing but the captain's heavy thump of his fist on the table kept us from laughing.

He was quite unable to relate the tale, and we had to gather it from his exclamations. One of the men was mate of a vessel lying in the Pool, having only cast anchor that evening; the girl was his sweetheart; the other man had once been a fine young University gentleman, and had become an outfitter's drunken agent. The brave sailor had nourished him often when on shore, and he, with the fluent tongue which his college had trimmed for him, had led the girl to sin during her lover's absence. Howsoever, they put off together to welcome him on his arrival, never suspecting that their secret had been whispered to Robert Welsh beforehand. Howsoever, Robert gave them hearty greeting, and down to the cabin they went, and there sat drinking up to midnight:—

"Three lost souls!" said the captain.

"See how they run," Temple sang, half audibly, and flushed hot, ashamed of himself.

"'Twas I had to bear the news to his mother," the captain pursued ; "and it was a task, my lads, for I was then little more than your age, and the glass was Robert's only fault, and he was my only brother."

I offered my hand to the captain. He grasped it powerfully. "That crew in a boat, and wouldn't you know the devil'd be coxswain?" he called loudly, and buried his face.

"No," he said, looking up at us, "I pray for no storm, but, by the Lord's mercy, for a way to your hearts through fire or water. And now on deck, my lads, while your beds are made up. Three blind things we verily are."

Captain Welsh showed he was sharp of hearing. His allusion to the humming of the tune of the mice gave Temple a fit of remorse, and he apologized.

"Ay," said the captain, "it is so; own it: frivolity's the fruit of that training that's all for the flesh. But dip you into some o' my books on my shelves here, and learn to see living man half skeleton, like light and shadow, and never to living man need you pray forgiveness, my lad."

By sheer force of character he gained command of our respect. Though we agreed on deck that he had bungled his story, it impressed us; we felt less able to cope with him, and less willing to encounter a storm.

"We shall have one, of course," Temple said, affecting resignation, with a glance aloft.

I was superstitiously of the same opinion, and praised the vessel.

"Oh, Priscilla's the very name of a ship that founders with all hands and sends a bottle on shore," said Temple.

"There isn't a bottle on board," said I; and this piece of nonsense helped us to sleep off our gloom.

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#### CHAPTER XIV.

##### I MEET OLD FRIENDS.

NOTWITHSTANDING the prognostications it pleased us to indulge, we had a tolerably smooth voyage. On a clear cold Sunday morning we were sailing between a foreign river's banks, and Temple and I were alternately reading a chapter out of the Bible to the assembled ship's crew, in advance of the captain's short exhortation. We had ceased to look at ourselves inwardly, and we hardly thought it strange. But our hearts beat for a view of the great merchant city, which was called a free city, and therefore, Temple suggested, must bear certain portions of resemblance to Old England; so we made up our minds to like it.

"A wonderful place for beer-cellars," a sailor observed to us slyly, and hitched himself up from the breech to the scalp.

At all events, it was a place where we could buy linen. For that purpose, Captain Welsh handed us over to the care of his trusted mate, Mr. Joseph Double, and we were soon in the streets of the city, desirous of purchasing half their contents. My supply of money was not enough for what I deemed necessary purchases. Temple had split his clothes, mine were tarred; we were appearing at a disadvantage, and we intended to dine at a good hotel and subsequently go to a theatre. Yet I had no wish to part with my watch. Mr. Double said it might be arranged. It was pawned at a shop for a sum equivalent in our money to about twelve pounds, and Temple obliged me by taking charge of the ticket. Thus we were enabled to dress suitably and dine pleasantly, and, as Mr. Double remarked, no one could rob me of my gold watch now. We visited a couple of beer-cellars to taste the drink of the people, and discovered three of our men engaged in a similar undertaking. I proposed that it should be done at my expense. They praised their captain, but asked us, as gentlemen and scholars, whether it was reasonable to object to liquor because your brother was carried out on a high tide? Mr. Double commended them to moderation. Their reply was to estimate an immoderate amount of liquor as due to them with profound composure.

"Those rascals," Mr. Double informed us, "are not in the captain's confidence; they're tidy seamen, though, and they submit to the captain's laws on board and have their liberty ashore."

We inquired what the difference was between their privileges and his.

"Why," said he, "if they're so much as accused of a disobedient act, off they're scurried, and lose fair wages and a kind captain. And let any man jack of 'em accuse me, and he bounds a indiarubber ball against a wall and gets it; all he meant to give he gets. Once you fix the confidence of your superior you're waterproof."

We held our peace, but we could have spoken.

Mr. Double had no moral hostility towards theatres. Supposing he did not relish the performance, he could enjoy a spell in the open air, he said, and this he speedily decided to do. Had we not been bound in honour to remain for him to fetch us, we also should have retired from a representation of which we understood only the word *ja*. It was tiresome to be perpetually waiting for the return of this word. We felt somewhat as dogs must feel when human speech is addressed to them. Accordingly, we professed, without concealment, to despise the whole performance. I reminded Temple of a saying of the Emperor Charles V. as to a knowledge of languages.

"Hem!" he went, critically; "it's all very well for a German to talk in that way, but you can't be five times an Englishman if you're a foreigner."

We heard English laughter near us. Presently an English gentleman accosted us.

"Mr. Villiers, I believe?" He bowed at me.

"My name is Richmond."

He bowed again, with excuses, talked of the play, and telegraphed to a lady sitting in a box fronting us. I saw that she wrote on a slip of paper; she beckoned; the gentleman quitted us, and soon after placed a twisted note in my hand. It ran :—

“Miss Goodwin (whose Christian name is Clara) wishes very much to know how it has fared with Mr. Harry Richmond since he left Venice.”

I pushed past a number of discontented knees, trying, on my way to her box, to recollect her vividly, but I could barely recollect her at all, until I had sat beside her five minutes. Colonel Goodwin was asleep in a corner of the box. Awakened by the sound of his native tongue, he recognized me immediately.

“On your way to your father?” he said, as he shook my hand.

I thought it amazing he should guess that in Germany.

“Do you know where he is, sir?” I asked.

“We saw him,” replied the colonel; “when was it, Clara? A week or ten days ago.”

“Yes,” said Miss Goodwin; “we will talk of that by-and-by.” And she overflowed with comments on my personal appearance, and plied me with questions, but would answer none of mine.

I fetched Temple into the box to introduce him. We were introduced in turn to Captain Malet, the gentleman who had accosted me below.

“You understand German, then?” said Miss Goodwin.

She stared at hearing that we knew only the word *ja*, for it made our presence in Germany unaccountable.

“The most dangerous word of all,” said Colonel Goodwin, and begged us always to repeat after it the negative *nein* for an antidote.

“You have both seen my father?” I whispered to Miss Goodwin; “both? We have been separated. Do tell me everything. Don’t look at the stage—they speak such nonsense. How did you remember me? How happy I am to have met you! Oh, I haven’t forgotten the gondolas and the striped posts, and *stali* and the other word; but soon after we were separated, and I haven’t seen him since.”

She touched her father’s arm.

“At once, if you like,” said he, jumping up erect.

“In Germany, was it?” I persisted.

She nodded gravely and leaned softly on my arm while we marched out of the theatre to her hotel—I in such a state of happiness underlying bewilderment and strong expectation that I should have cried out loud had not pride in my partner restrained me. At her tea-table I narrated the whole of my adventures backwards to the time of our parting in Venice, hurrying it over as quick as I could, with the breathless termination, “And now?”

They had an incomprehensible reluctance to perform their part of the implied compact. Miss Goodwin looked at Captain Malet. He took his leave. Then she said, “How glad I am you have dropped that odious name of Roy! Papa and I have talked of you frequently—latterly very

often. I meant to write to you, Harry Richmond. I should have done it the moment we returned to England."

"You must know," said the colonel, "that I am an amateur inspector of fortresses, and my poor Clara has to trudge the Continent with me to pick up the latest inventions in artillery and other matters, for which I get no thanks at head-quarters—but it's one way of serving one's country when the steel lies rusting. We are now for home by way of Paris. I hope that you and your friend will give us your company. I will see this Captain Welsh of yours before we start. Clara, you decided on dragging me to the theatre to-night with your usual admirable instinct."

I reminded Miss Goodwin of my father being in Germany.

"Yes, he is at one of the Courts, a long distance from here," she said, rapidly. "And you came by accident in a merchant-ship! You are one of those who are marked for extraordinary adventures. Confess: you would have set eyes on me, and not known me. It's a miracle that I should meet my little friend Harry—little no longer, my friend all the same, are you not?"

I hoped so ardently.

She with great urgency added, "Then come with us. Prove that you put faith in our friendship."

In desperation, I exclaimed, "But I must, I must hear of my father."

She turned to consult the colonel's face.

"Certainly," he said, and eulogized a loving son. "Clara will talk to you. I'm for bed. What was the name of the play we saw this evening? Oh! *Struensee*, to be sure. We missed the scaffold."

He wished us good-night on an appointment of the hour for breakfast, and ordered beds for us in the hotel.

Miss Goodwin commenced: "But really I have nothing to tell you, or very little. You know, papa has introductions everywhere; we are like Continental people, and speak a variety of languages, and I am almost a foreigner, we are so much abroad; but I do think English boys should be educated at home: I hope you'll go to an English college."

Noticing my painful look, "We saw him at the Court of the Prince of Eppenwelzen," she said, as if her brows ached. "He is very kindly treated there; he was there some weeks ago. The place lies out in the Hanover direction, far from here. He told us that you were with your grandfather, and I must see Riversley Grange, and the truth is you must take me there. I suspect you have your peace to make; perhaps I shall help you and be a true Peribanou. We go over Amsterdam, the Hague, Brussels, and you shall see the battlefield, Paris, straight to London. Yes, you are fickle; you have not once called me Peribanou."

Her voluble rattling succeeded in fencing off my questions before I could exactly shape them, as I staggered from blind to blind idea, now thinking of the sombre-red Bench, and now of the German prince's Court.

"Won't you tell me any more to-night?" I said, when she paused.

"Indeed I have not any more to tell," she assured me.

It was clear to me that she had joined the mysterious league against my father. I began to have a choking in the throat. I thanked her and wished her good-night, while I was still capable of smiling.

At my next interview with Colonel Goodwin he spoke promptly on the subject of my wanderings. I was of an age, he said, to know my own interests. No doubt filial affection was excellent in its way, but in fact it was highly questionable whether my father was still at the court of this German prince; my father had stated that he meant to visit England to obtain an interview with his son, and I might miss him by a harum-scarum chase over Germany. And besides, was I not offending my grandfather and my aunt, to whom I owed so much? He appealed to my warmest feelings on their behalf. This was just the moment, he said, when there was a turning-point in my fortunes. He could assure me most earnestly that I should do no good by knocking at this prince's doors, and have nothing but bitterness if I did in the end discover my father. "Surely you understand the advantages of being bred a gentleman?" he wound up. "Under your grandfather's care you have a career before you, a fine fortune in prospect, everything a young man can wish for. And I must tell you candidly, you run great risk of missing all these things by hunting your father to earth. Give yourself a little time: reflect on it."

"I have," I cried. "I have come out to find him, and I must."

The colonel renewed his arguments and persuasions until he was worn out. I thanked him continually for his kindness. Clara Goodwin besought me in a surprising manner to accompany her to England, called herself Peribanou, and with that name conjured up my father to my eyes in his breathing form. She said as her father had done, that I was called on now to decide upon my future: she had a presentiment that evil would come to me of my unchecked headstrong will, which she dignified by terming it a true but reckless affection: she believed she had been thrown in my path to prove herself a serviceable friend, a Peribanou of twenty-six who would not expect me to marry her when she had earned my gratitude.

They set Temple on me, and that was very funny. To hear him with his "I say, Richie, come, perhaps it's as well to know where a thing should stop; your father knows you're at Riversley, and he'll be after you when convenient; and just fancy the squire!" was laughable. He had some anxiety to be home again, or at least at Riversley. I offered him to Miss Goodwin.

She reproached me and coaxed me; she was exceedingly sweet. "Well," she said, in an odd resigned fashion, "rest a day with us; will you refuse me that?"

I consented; she knew not with what fretfulness. We went out to gaze at the shops and edifices, and I bought two light bags for slinging over the shoulder, two nightshirts, tooth-brushes, and pocket-combs, and a large map of Germany. By dint of vehement entreaties I led her to point to the territory of the Prince of Eppenwelzen-Sarkeld. "His



income is rather less than that of your grandfather, friend Harry," she remarked. I doated on the spot until I could have dropped my finger on it blindfold.

Two or three pitched battles brought us to a friendly arrangement. The colonel exacted my promise that if I saw my father at Sarkeld in Eppenwelzen I would not stay with him longer than seven days; and that if he was not there I would journey home forthwith. When I had yielded the promise frankly on my honour, he introduced me to a banker of the city, who agreed to furnish me money to carry me on to England in case I should require it. A diligence engaged to deliver me within a few miles of Sarkeld. I wrote a letter to my aunt Dorothy, telling her facts, and one to the squire, beginning, "We were caught on our arrival in London by the thickest fog ever remembered," as if it had been settled on my departure from Riversley that Temple and I were bound for London. Miss Goodwin was my post-bag. She said when we had dined, about two hours before the starting of the diligence, "Don't you think you ought to go and wish that captain of the vessel you sailed in good-by?" I fell into her plot so far as to walk down to the quays on the river-side and reconnoitre the ship. But there I saw my prison. I kissed my hand to Captain Welsh's mainmast rather ironically, though not without regard for him. Miss Goodwin lifted her eyelids at our reappearance. As she made no confession of her treason I did not accuse her, and perhaps it was owing to a movement of her conscience that at our parting she drew me to her near enough for a kiss to come of itself.

Four-and-twenty German words of essential service to a traveller in Germany constituted our knowledge of the language, and these were on paper transcribed by Miss Goodwin's own hand. In the gloom of the diligence, packed between Germans of a size that not even Tacitus had prepared me for, smoked over from all sides, it was a fascinating study. Temple and I exchanged the paper half-hourly while the light lasted. When that had fled, nothing was left us to combat the sensation that we were in the depths of a manure-bed, for the windows were closed, the tobacco-smoke thickened, the hides of animals wrapping our immense companions reeked; fire occasionally glowed in their pipe-bowls; they were silent, and gave out smoke and heat incessantly, like inanimate forces of nature. I had most fantastic ideas,—that I had taken root and ripened, and must expect my head to drop off at any instant; that I was deep down, wedged in the solid mass of the earth. But I need not repeat them: they were accurately translated in imagination from my physical miseries. The dim revival of light, when I had well nigh ceased to hope for it, showed us all like malefactors imperfectly hanged, or wretches in a cabin under water. I had one colossus bulging over my shoulder; Temple was blotted out. His face, emerging from beneath a block of curly bearskin, was like that of one frozen in wonderment. Outside there was a melting snow on the higher hills; the clouds over them grew steel-blue. We were going through a valley in a fir-forest.

## CHAPTER XV.

## WE ARE ACCOSTED BY A BEAUTIFUL LITTLE LADY IN THE FOREST.

Bowls of hot coffee and milk, with white rolls of bread to dip in them, refreshed us at a forest inn. For some minutes after the meal Temple and I talked like interchanging puffs of steam, but soon subsided to our staring fit. The pipes were lit again. What we heard sounded like a language of the rocks and caves, and roots plucked up, a language of gluttons feasting; the word *ja* was like a door always on the hinge in every mouth. Dumpy children, bulky men, compressed old women with baked faces, and comical squat dogs, kept the villages partly alive. We observed one young urchin sitting on a stone opposite a dog, and he and the dog took alternate bites off a platter-shaped cake, big enough to require both his hands to hold it. Whether the dog ever snapped more than his share was matter of speculation to us. It was an education for him in good manners, and when we were sitting at dinner we wished our companions had enjoyed it. They fed with their heads in their plates, splashed and clattered jaws, without paying us any hospitable attention whatever, so that we had the dish of Lazarus. They were perfectly kind, notwithstanding, and allowed a portion of my great map of Germany to lie spread over their knees in the diligence, while Temple and I pored along the lines of the rivers. One would thrust his square-nailed finger to the name of a city and pronounce it; one gave us lessons in the expression of the vowels, with the softening of three of them, which seemed like a regulation drill movement for taking an egg into the mouth, and showing repentance of the act. "Sarkeld," we exclaimed mutually, and they made a galloping motion of their hands, pointing beyond the hills. Sarkeld was to the right, Sarkeld to the left, as the road wound on. Sarkeld was straight in front of us when the conductor, according to directions he had received, requested us to alight and push through this endless fir-forest up a hilly branch road, and away his hand galloped beyond it, coming to a deep place, and then to grapes, then to a tiptoe station, and under it lay Sarkeld. The pantomime was not bad. We waved our hands to the diligence, and set out cheerfully, with our bags at our backs, entering a gorge in the fir-covered hills before sunset, after starting the proposition—Does the sun himself look foreign in a foreign country?

"Yes, he does," said Temple; and so I thought, but denied it, for by the sun's favour I hoped to see my father that night, and hail Apollo joyfully in the morning, a hope that grew with exercise of my limbs. Beautiful cascades of dark bright water leapt down the gorge; we chased an invisible animal. Suddenly one of us exclaimed, "We're in a German forest;" and we remembered grim tales of these forests, their awful castles, barons, knights, ladies, long-bearded dwarfs, gnomes and thin people. I commenced a legend off-hand.

"No, no," said Temple, as if curdling; "let's call this place the mouth of Hades. Greek things don't make you feel funny."

I laughed louder than was necessary, and remarked that I never had cared so much for Greek as on board Captain Welsh's vessel.

"It's because he was all on the opposite tack I went on quoting," said Temple. "I used to read with my father in the holidays, and your Rev. Simon has kept you up to the mark; so it was all fair. It's not on our consciences that we crammed the captain about our knowledge."

"No. I'm glad of it," said I.

Temple pursued, "Whatever happens to a fellow, he can meet anything so long as he can say—I've behaved like a man of honour. And those German tales—they only upset you. You don't see the reason of the thing. Why is a man to be haunted half his life? Well, suppose he did commit a murder. But if he didn't, can't he walk through an old castle without meeting ghosts? or a forest?"

The dusky scenery of a strange land was influencing Temple. It affected me, so I made the worst of it for a cure.

"Fancy those pines saying, 'There go two more,' Temple. Well; and fancy this—a little earth-dwarf as broad as I'm long and high as my shoulder. One day he met the loveliest girl in the whole country, and she promised to marry him in twenty years' time, in return for a sack of jewels worth all Germany and half England. You should have seen her dragging it home. People thought it full of charcoal. She married the man she loved, and the twenty years passed over, and at the stroke of the hour when she first met the dwarf, thousands of bells began ringing through the forest, and her husband cries out, 'What is the meaning of it?' and they rode up to a garland of fresh flowers that dropped on her head, and right into a gold ring that closed on her finger, and—look, Temple, look!"

"Where?" asked the dear little fellow, looking in all earnest, from which the gloom of the place may be imagined, for, by suddenly mixing it with my absurd story, I discomposed his air of sovereign indifference as much as one does the surface of a lake by casting a stone in it.

We rounded the rocky corner of the gorge at a slightly accelerated pace in dead silence. It opened out to restorative daylight, and we breathed better and chaffed one another, and, beholding a house with pendent gold grapes, applauded the diligence conductor's expressive pantomime. The opportunity was offered for a draught of wine, but we held water preferable, so we toasted the Priscilla out of the palms of our hands in draughts of water from a rill that had the sound of aspen-leaves, such as I used to listen to in the Riversley meadows, pleasantly familiar.

Several commanding elevations were in sight, some wooded, some bare. We chose the nearest, to observe the sunset, and concurred in thinking it unlike English sunsets, though not so very unlike the sunset we had taken for sunrise on board the Priscilla. A tumbled dark and light green country of swelling forest-land and slopes of meadow ran to the west, and the west from flaming yellow burned down to smoky crimson

across it. Temple bade me "catch the disc—that was English enough." A glance at the sun's disc confirmed the truth of his observation. Gazing on the outline of the orb one might have fancied oneself in England. Yet the moment it had sunk under the hill this feeling of ours vanished with it. The coloured clouds drew me ages away from the recollection of home.

A tower on a distant hill, white among pines, led us to suppose that Sarkeld must lie somewhere beneath it. We therefore descended straight towards the town, instead of returning to the road, and struck confidently into a rugged path. Recent events had given me the assurance that in my search for my father I was subject to a special governing direction. I had aimed at the Bench—missed it—been shipped across sea and precipitated into the arms of friends who had seen him and could tell me I was on his actual track, only blindly, and no longer blindly now.

"Follow the path," I said, when Temple wanted to have a consultation.

"So we did in the London fog!" said he, with some gloom.

But my retort: "Hasn't it brought us here?" was a silencer.

Dark night came on. Every height stood for a ruin in our eyes; every dip an abyss. It grew bewilderingly dark, but the path did not forsake us, and we expected, at half-hour intervals, to perceive the lights of Sarkeld, soon to be thundering at one of the inns for admission and supper. I could hear Temple rehearsing his German vocabulary, "Brod, butter, wasser, fleisch, bett," as we stumbled along. Then it fell to "Brod, wasser, bett," and then, "Bett" by itself, his confession of fatigue. Our path had frequently the nature of a waterway and was very fatiguing, more agreeable to mount than descend, for in mounting the knees and shins bore the brunt of it, and these sufferers are not such important servants of the footfarer as toes and ankles in danger of tripping and being turned.

I was walking on leveller ground, my head bent and eyes half-shut, when a flash of light in a brook at my feet caused me to look aloft. The tower we had marked after sunset was close above us, shining in a light of torches. We adopted the sensible explanation of this mysterious sight, but were rather in the grip of the superstitious absurd one, until we discerned a number of reddened men.

"Robbers!" exclaimed one of us. Our common thought was, "No; robbers would never meet on a height in that manner;" and we were emboldened to mount and request their help.

Fronting the tower, which was of white marble, a high tent had been pitched on a green platform semi-circled by pines. Torches were stuck in clefts of the trees, or in the fork of the branches, or held by boys and men, and there were clearly men at work beneath the tent at a busy rate. We could hear the paviors' breath escape from them. Outside the ring of torchbearers and others was a long cart with a dozen horses harnessed to it. All the men appeared occupied too much for chatter and laughter. What could it be underneath the tent? Seeing a boy occasionally lift one

of the flapping corners, we took licence from his example to appease our curiosity. It was the statue of a bronze horse rearing spiritedly. The workmen were engaged fixing its pedestal in the earth.

Our curiosity being satisfied, we held debate upon our immediate prospects. The difficulty of making sure of a bed when you are once detached from your home, was the philosophical reflection we arrived at, for nothing practical presented itself. To arm ourselves we pulled out Miss Goodwin's paper. "Gasthof is the word!" cried Temple. "Gasthof, zimmer, bett; that means inn, hot supper, and bed. We'll ask." We asked several of the men. Those in motion shot a stare at us; the torchbearers pointed at the tent and at an unseen height, muttering "Morgen." Referring to Miss Goodwin's paper we discovered this to signify the unintelligible word morning, which was no answer at all; but the men, apparently deeming our conduct suspicious, gave us to understand by rather menacing gestures that we were not wanted there, so we passed into the dusk of the trees, angry at their incivility. Had it been summer we should have dropped and slept. The night air of a sharp season obliged us to keep active, yet we were not willing to get far away from the torches. But after a time they were hidden; then we saw one moving ahead. The holder of it proved to be a workman of the gang, and between us and him the strangest parley ensued. He repeated the word morgen, and we insisted on zimmer and bett.

"He takes us for twin Caspar Hausers," sighed Temple.

"Nein," said the man, and, perhaps enlightened by hearing a foreign tongue, beckoned for us to step at his heels.

His lodging was a woodman's hut. He offered us bread to eat, milk to drink, and straw to lie on: we desired nothing more and were happy, though the bread was black, the milk sour, the straw mouldy.

Our breakfast was like a continuation of supper, but two little girls of our host, whose heads were cased in tight-fitting dirty linen caps, munched the black bread and drank the sour milk so thankfully, while fixing solemn eyes of wonder upon us, that to assure them we were the same sort of creature as themselves we pretended to relish the stuff. Rather to our amazement we did relish it. "Mutter!" I said to them. They pointed to the room overhead. Temple laid his cheek on his hand. One of the little girls laid hers on the table. I said "Doctor?" They nodded and answered "Princess," which seemed perfectly good English, and sent our conjectures as to the state of their mother's health astray. I shut a silver English coin in one of their fat little hands.

We now with the name Sarkeld craved of their father a direction towards that place. At the door of his hut he waved his hand carelessly south for Sarkeld, and vigorously west where the tower stood, then swept both hands up to the tower, bellowed a fire of cannon, waved his hat, and stamped and cheered. Temple, glancing the way of the tower, performed on a trumpet of his joined fists to show we understood that

prodigious attractions were presented by the tower; we said *ja* and *ja*, and nevertheless turned into the Sarkeld path.

Some minutes later the sound of hoofs led us to imagine he had despatched a messenger after us. A little lady on a pony, attended by a tawny-faced great square-shouldered groom on a tall horse, rode past, drew up on one side, and awaited our coming. She was dressed in a grey riding-habit and a warm winter-jacket of gleaming grey fur, a soft white boa loose round her neck, crossed at her waist, white gauntlets, and a pretty black felt hat with flowing rim and plume. There she passed us under review. It was a curious scene: the iron-faced great-sized groom on his bony black charger dead still; his mistress, a girl of about eleven or twelve or thirteen, with an arm bowed at her side, whip and reins in one hand, and slips of golden brown hair straying on her flushed cheek; rocks and trees, high silver firs rising behind her, and a slender water that fell from the rocks running at her pony's feet. Half-a-dozen yards were between the charger's head and the pony's flanks. She waited for us to march by, without attempting to conceal that we were the objects of her inspection, and we in good easy swing of the feet gave her a look as we lifted our hats. That look was to me like a net thrown into moonlighted water: it brought nothing back but broken lights of a miraculous beauty.

Burning to catch an excuse for another look over my shoulder, I heard her voice:

"Young English gentlemen!"

We turned sharp round.

It was she without a doubt who had addressed us: she spurred her pony to meet us, stopped him, and said with the sweetest painful attempt at accuracy in pronouncing a foreign tongue:—

"I sthink you go a wrong way?"

Our hats flew off again, and bareheaded, I seized the reply before Temple could speak.

"Is not this, may I ask you, the way to Sarkeld?"

She gathered up her knowledge of English deliberately.

"Yes, one goes to Sarkeld by sthis way here, but to-day goes everybody up to our Bella Vista, and I entreat you do not miss it, for it is some-s-thing to write to your home of."

"Up at the tower, then? Oh, we were there last night, and saw the bronze hcrse, mademoiselle."

"Yes, I know. I called on my poor sick woman in a hut where you fell asleep, sirs. Her little ones are my lambs; she has been of our household: she is good; and they said, two young strange small gentlemen have gone for Sarkeld; and I supposed, sthey cannot know all go to our Bella Vista to-day."

"You knew at once we were English, mademoiselle?"

"Yes, I could read it off your backs, and truly too your English eyes are quite open at a glance. It is of you both I speak. If I but



make my words plain! My 'th' I cannot always. And to understand, your English is indeed heavy speech! not so in books. I have my English governess. We read English tales, English poetry—and that is your excellence. And so, will you not come, sirs, up when a way is to be shown to you? It is my question."

Temple thanked her for the kindness of the offer.

I was hesitating, half conscious of surprise that I should ever be hesitating in doubt of taking the direction towards my father. Hearing Temple's boldness I thanked her also, and accepted. Then she said bowing:—

"I beg you will cover your heads."

We passed the huge groom bolt upright on his towering horse; he raised two fingers to the level of his eyebrows in the form of a salute.

Temple murmured: "I shouldn't mind entering the German army," just as after our interview with Captain Bulsted he had wished to enter the British navy.

This was no more than a sign that he was highly pleased. For my part delight fluttered the words in my mouth, so that I had to repeat half I uttered to the attentive ears of our gracious new friend and guide:—

"Ah," she said, "one does sthink one knows almost all before experiment. I am ashamed, yet I will talk, for is it not so? experiment is a school. And you, if you please, will speak slow. For I say of you English gentlemen, silk you spin from your lips; it is not as a language of an alphabet; it is pleasant to hear when one would lull, but Italian can do that, and do it more—am I right?—soft?"

"Bella Vista, lovely view," said I.

"Lovely view," she repeated.

She ran on in the most musical tongue, to my thinking, ever heard:—

"And see my little pensioners' poor cottage, who are out up to Lovely view. Miles round go the people to it. Good, and I will tell you strangers:—sthe Prince von Eppenwelzen had his great ancestor, and his sister Markgräfin von Rippau said, 'Erect a statue of him, for he was a great warrior.' He could not, or he would not, we know not. So she said, 'I will,' she said, 'I will do it in seven days.' She does constantly amuse him, everybody at de Court. Immense excitement! For suppose it!—a statue of a warrior on horseback, in perfect likeness, chapeau tricorné, perruque, all of bronze, and his marshal's bâton. Eh bien, well, a bronze horse is come at a gallop from Berlin; sthat we know. By fortune a most exalted sculptor in Berlin has him ready,—and many horses pulled him to here, to Lovely view, by post-haste; sthat we know. But we are in extremity of puzzlement. For where is sthe statue to ride him? where—am I plain to you, sirs?—is sthe Marshal Fürst von Eppenwelzen, our great ancestor? Yet the Markgräfin says, 'It is right, wait!' She nods, she smiles. Our Court is all at the lake palace odder side sthe tower, and it is bets of gems, of feathers, of lace, not to be numbered! The Markgräfin says—sthere to-day you see him, Albrecht

Wohlgemuth Fürst von Eppenwelzen! But no sculptor can have cast him in bronze—not copied him and cast him in a time of seven days! And we say sthis:—Has she given a secret order to a sculptor—you understand me, sirs, commission—where, how, has he sthe likeness copied? Or did he come to our speisesaal of our lake palace disguised? Oh! but to see, to copy, to model, to cast in bronze, to travel betwixt Berlin and Sarkeld in a time of seven days? No! so—oh! we guess, we guess, we are in exhaustion. And to-day is like an eagle we have sent an arrow to shoot and know not if he will come down. For shall we see our ancestor on horseback? It will be a not-scribable joy! Or not? So we guess, we are worried. At near eleven o'clock a cannon fires, sthe tent is lifted, and we see; but I am impatient wid my breaths for the gun to go."

I said it would be a fine sight.

"For strangers, yes; you should be of the palace to know what a fine sight! sthe finest! And you are for Sarkeld? You have friends in Sarkeld?"

"My father is in Sarkeld, mademoiselle. I am told he is at the palace."

"Indeed; and he is English, your fater?"

"Yes. I have not seen him for years; I have come to find him."

"Indeed; it is for love of him, your fater, sir, you come, and not speak German?"

I signified that it was so.

She stroked her pony's neck musing.

"Because, of love is not much in de family in England, it is said," she remarked very shyly, and recovering her self-possession asked the name of my father.

"His name, mademoiselle, is Mr. Richmond."

"Mr. Richmond?"

"Mr. Richmond Roy."

She sprang in her saddle.

"You are son to Mr. Richmond Roy? Oh! it is wonderful."

"Mademoiselle, then you have seen him lately?"

"Yes! yes! I have seen him. I have heard of his beautiful child, his son; and you it is?"

She studied my countenance a moment.

"Tell me, is he well? mademoiselle, is he quite well?"

"Oh yes," she answered, and broke into smiles of merriment, and then seemed to bite her under-lip. "He is our fun-maker. He must always be well. I owe to him some of my English. You are his son? you were for Sarkeld? You will see him up at our Bella Vista. Quick, let us run."

She put her pony to a canter up the brown path between the fir-trees, crying that she should take our breath; but we were tight runners, and I, though my heart beat wildly, was full of fire to reach the tower on the height; so when she slackened her pace, finding us close on her pony's hoofs, she laughed and called us brave boys. Temple's being no more

than my friend, who had made the expedition with me out of friendship, surprised her. Not that she would not have expected it to be done by Germans; further she was unable to explain her astonishment.

At a turning of the ascent she pointed her whip at the dark knots and lines of the multitude mounting by various paths to behold the ceremony of unveiling the monument.

I besought her to waste no time.

"You must, if you please, attend my pleasure, if I guide you," she said, tossing her chin petulantly.

"I thank you, I can't tell you how much, mademoiselle," said I.

She answered: "You were kind to my two pet lambs, sir."

So we moved forward.

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#### CHAPTER XVI.

##### THE STATUE ON THE PROMONTORY.

THE little lady was soon bowing to respectful salutations from crowds of rustics and others on a broad carriage-way circling level with the height. I could not help thinking how doubly foreign I was to all the world here—I who was about to set eyes on my lost living father, while these people were tip-toe to gaze on a statue. But as my father might also be taking an interest in the statue, I got myself round to a moderate sentiment of curiosity and a partial share of the general excitement. Temple and mademoiselle did most of the conversation, which related to glimpses of scenery, pine, oak, beech-wood, and lake-water, until we gained the plateau where the tower stood, when the giant groom trotted to the front, and worked a clear way for us through a mass of travelling sight-seers, and she leaned to me, talking quite inaudibly amid the laughter and chatting. A band of wind instruments burst out. "This is glorious!" I conceived Temple to cry like an open-mouthed mute. I found it inspiring. The rush of pride and pleasure produced by the music was irresistible. We marched past the tower, all of us, I am sure, with splendid feelings. A stone's-throw beyond it was the lofty tent; over it drooped a flag, and flags were on poles round a wide ring of rope guarded by foresters and gendarmes, mounted and afoot. The band, dressed in green, with black plumes to their hats, played in the middle of the ring. Outside were carriages, and ladies and gentlemen on horseback, full of animation; rustics, foresters, town and village people, men, women, and children, pressed against the ropes. It was a day of rays of sunshine, now from off one edge, now from another of large slow clouds, so that at times we and the tower were in a blaze; next the lake-palace was illumined, or the long grey lake and the woods of pine and of bare brown twigs making bays in it.

Several hands beckoned on our coming in sight of the carriages. "There he is, then!" I thought; and it was like swallowing my heart in

one solid lump. Mademoiselle had free space to trot ahead of us. We saw a tall-sitting lady, attired in sables, raise a finger at her, and nip her chin. Away the little lady flew to a second carriage, and on again, as one may when alive with an inquiry. I observed to Temple, "I wonder whether she says in her German, 'It is my question;' do you remember?" There was no weight whatever in what I said or thought.

She rode back, exclaiming, "Nowhere. He is nowhere, and nobody knows. He will arrive. But he is not yet. Now," she bent coaxingly down to me, "can you not a few words of German? Only the smallest sum! It is the Markgräfin, my good aunt, would speak wid you, and she can no English—only she is eager to behold you, and come! You will know, for my sake, some scrap of German—*ja?* You will—*nicht wahr?* Or French? Make your plum-pudding of it, will you?"

I made a shocking plum-pudding of it. Temple was no happier.

The margravine, a fine vigorous lady with a lively mouth and livelier eyes of a restless grey that rarely dwelt on you when she spoke, and constantly started off on a new idea, did me the honour to examine me much as if I had offered myself for service in her corps of grenadiers, and might do in time, but was decreed to be temporarily wanting in manly proportions.

She smiled a form of excuse of my bungling half-English horrid French, talked over me and at me, forgot me and recollected me, all within a minute, and fished poor Temple for intelligible replies to incomprehensible language in the same manner, then threw her head back to gather the pair of us in her sight, then eyed me alone.

"C'est peut-être le fils de son petit papa, et c'est tout dire."

Such was her summary comment.

But not satisfied with that, she leaned out of the carriage, and, making an extraordinary grimace appear the mother in labour of the difficult words, said,—

"Doos yo' laff?"

There was no helping it: I laughed like a madman, giving one outburst and a dead stop.

Far from looking displeased, she nodded. I was again put to the dreadful test.

"Can yo' mak' laff?"

It spurred my wits. I had no speech to 'mak laff' with. At the very instant of my dilemma I chanced to see a soberly-clad old townsman hustled between two helpless women of the crowd, his pipe in his mouth, and his hat, wig, and handkerchief sliding over his face, showing his bald crown, and he not daring to cry out, for fear his pipe should be trodden under foot.

"He can, your highness."

Her quick eyes caught the absurd scene. She turned to one of her ladies and touched her forehead. Her hand was reached out to me; Temple she patted on the shoulder.

"He can—*ja: du auch.*"

A grand gentleman rode up. They whispered, gazed at the tent, and

appeared to speak vehemently. All the men's faces were foreign : none of them had the slightest resemblance to my father's. I fancied I might detect him disguised. I stared vainly. Temple, to judge by the expression of his features, was thinking. Yes, thought I, we might as well be at home at old Riversley, that distant spot ! We're as out of place here as frogs in the desert !

Riding to and fro, and chattering, and commotion, of which the margravine was the centre, went on, and the band played beautiful waltzes. The workmen in and out of the tent were full of their business, like seamen under a storm.

"Fräulein Sibley," the margravine called.

I hoped it might be an English name. So it proved to be ; and the delight of hearing English spoken, and, what was more, having English ears to speak to, was blissful as the leap to daylight out of a nightmare.

"I have the honour to be your countrywoman," said a lady, English all over to our struggling senses.

We became immediately attached to her as a pair of shipwrecked boats lacking provender of every sort are taken in tow by a well-stored vessel. She knew my father, knew him intimately. I related all I had to tell, and we learnt that we had made acquaintance with her pupil, the Princess Ottilia Wilhelmina Frederika Hedwig, only child of the Prince of Eppenwelzen.

"Your father will certainly be here ; he is generally the margravine's right hand, and it's wonderful the margravine can do without him so long," said Miss Sibley, and conversed with the margravine ; after which she informed me that she had been graciously directed to assure me my father would be on the field when the cannon sounded.

"Perhaps you know nothing of Court life?" she resumed. "We have very curious performances in Sarkeld, and we owe it to the margravine that we are frequently enlivened. You see the tall stout gentleman who is riding away from her. I mean the one with the black hussar jacket and thick brown moustache. That is the prince. Do you not think him handsome ? He is very kind—rather capricious ; but that is a way with princes. Indeed, I have no reason to complain. He has lost his wife, the Princess Frederika, and depends upon his sister, the margravine, for amusement. He has had it since she discovered your papa."

"Is the gun never going off ?" I groaned.

"If they would only conduct their ceremonies without their guns !" exclaimed Miss Sibley. "The origin of the present ceremony is this : the margravine wished to have a statue erected to an ancestor, a renowned soldier—and I would infinitely prefer talking of England. But never mind. Oh, you won't understand what you gaze at. Well, the prince did not care to expend the money. Instead of urging that as the ground of his refusal, he declared there were no sculptors to do justice to Prince Albrecht Wohlgenuth, and one could not rely on their effecting a likeness. We have him in the dining-hall ; he was strikingly handsome. Afterwards

he pretended—I'm speaking now of the existing Prince Ernest—that it would be ages before the statue was completed. One day the margravine induced him to agree to pay the sum stipulated for by the sculptor, on condition of the statue being completed for public inspection within eight days of the hour of their agreement. The whole Court was witness to it. They arranged for the statue, horse and man, to be exhibited for a quarter of an hour. Of course, the margravine did not signify it would be a perfectly finished work. We are kept at a great distance, that we may not scrutinize it too closely. They unveil it to show she has been as good as her word, and then cover it up to fix the rider to the horse,—a screw is employed, I imagine. For one thing we know about it, we know that the horse and the horseman travelled hither separately. In all probability, the margravine gave the order for the statue last autumn in Berlin. Now look at the prince. He has his eye on you. Look down. Now he has forgotten you. He is impatient to behold the statue. Our chief fear is that the statue will not maintain its balance. Fortunately, we have plenty of guards to keep the people from pushing against it. If all turns out well, I shall really say the margravine has done wonders. She does not look anxious; but then she is not one ever to show it. The prince does. Every other minute he is glancing at the tent and at his watch. Can you guess my idea? Your father's absence leads me to think—oh! only a passing glimmer of an idea—the statue has not arrived, and he is bringing it on. Otherwise, he would be sure to be here. The margravine beckons me."

"Don't go!" we cried simultaneously.

The Princess Ottilia supplied her place.

"I have sent to our stables for two little pretty Hungarian horses for you two to ride," she said. "No, I have not yet seen him. He is asked for, and de Markgräfin knows not at all. He bades in our lake; he has been seen since. The man is excitable; but he is so sensible. Oh, no. And he is full of laughter. We shall soon see him. Would he not ever be cautious of himself for a son like you?"

Her compliment raised a blush on me.

The patience of the people was creditable to their phlegm. The smoke of pipes curling over the numberless heads was the most stirring thing about them.

Temple observed to me,—

"We'll give the old statue a British cheer, won't we, Richie?"

"After coming all the way from England!" said I, in dejection.

"No, no, Richie; you're sure of him now. He's somewhere directing affairs, I suspect. I say, do let us show them we can ring out the right tune upon occasion. By jingo! there goes a fellow with a match."

We saw the cannonier march up to the margravine's carriage for orders. She summoned the prince to her side. Ladies in a dozen carriages were standing up, handkerchief in hand, and the gentlemen got their horses' heads on a line. Temple counted nearly sixty persons of quality stationed there. The workmen were trooping out of the tent.



Miss Sibley ran to us, saying,—

"The gun-horror has been commanded. Now then : the prince can scarcely contain himself. The gunner is ready near his gun ; he has his frightful match lifted. See, the manager-superintendent is receiving the margravine's last injunctions. How firm women's nerves are ! Now the margravine insists on the prince's reading the exact time by her watch. Everybody is doing it. Let us see. By my watch it is all but fifteen minutes to eleven, A.M. Dearest," she addressed the little princess ; "would you not like to hold my hand until the gun is fired ?"

"Dearest," replied the princess, whether in childish earnest or irony I could not divine, "if I would hold a hand it would be a gentleman's."

All eyes were on the Prince of Eppenwelzen, as he gazed towards the covered statue. With imposing deliberation his hand rose to his hat. We saw the hat raised. The cannon was fired and roared ; the band struck up a pompous slow march ; and the tent-veil broke apart and rolled off. It was like the dawn flying and sunrise mounting.

I confess I forgot all thought of my father for awhile ; the shouts of the people, the braying of the brass instruments, the ladies cheering sweetly, the gentlemen giving short hearty expressions of applause, intoxicated me. And the statue was superb—horse and rider in new bronze polished by sunlight.

"It is life-like ! it is really noble ! it is a true Prince !" exclaimed Miss Sibley. She translated several exclamations of the ladies and gentlemen in German : they were entirely to the same effect. The horse gave us a gleam of his neck as he pawed a fore-foot, just reined in. We knew him ; he was a gallant horse ; but it was the figure of the Prince Albrecht that was so fine. I had always laughed at sculptured figures on horseback. This one overawed me. The Marshal was acknowledging the salute of his army after a famous victory over the infidel Turks. He sat upright, almost imperceptibly but effectively bending his head in harmony with the curve of his horse's neck, and his bâton swept the air low in proud submission to the honours cast on him by his acclaiming soldiery. His three-cornered lace hat, curled wig, heavy-trimmed surcoat, and high boots, reminded me of Prince Eugene. No Prince Eugene—nay, nor Marlborough, had such a martial figure, such an animated high old warrior's visage. The bronze features reeked of battle.

Temple and I felt humiliated (without cause, I granted) at the success of a work of art that struck us as a new military triumph of these Germans, and it was impossible not to admire it. The little Princess Ottilia clapped hands by fits. What words she addressed to me I know not. I dealt out my stock of German—"Ja, ja"—to her English. We were drawn by her to congratulate the margravine, whose hand was then being kissed by the prince : he did it most courteously and affectionately. Other gentlemen, counts and barons, bowed over her hand. Ladies, according to their rank and privileges, saluted her on the cheek or in some graceful fashion. When our turn arrived, Miss Sibley trans-

lated for us, and as we were at concert pitch we did not acquit ourselves badly. Temple's remark was, that he wished she and all her family had been English. Nothing was left for me to say but that the margravine almost made us wish we had been German.

Smiling cordially, the margravine spoke, Miss Sibley translated :—

"Her highness asks you if you have seen your father?"

I shook my head.

The Princess Ottilia translated,—

"Her highness, my good aunt, would know, would you know him, did you see him?"

"Yes, anywhere," I cried.

The margravine pushed me back with a gesture.

"Yes, your highness, on my honour; anywhere on earth!"

She declined to hear the translation.

Her insulting disbelief in my ability to recognize the father I had come so far to embrace would have vexed me but for the wretched thought that I was losing him again. We threaded the carriages; gazed at the horse-men in a way to pierce the hair on their faces. The little princess came on us hurriedly.

"Here, see, are the horses. I will you to mount. Are they not pretty animals?" She whispered, "I believe your father have been hurt in his mind by something. It is only perhaps. Now mount, for the Markgräfin says you are our good guests."

We mounted simply to show that we could mount, for we would rather have been on foot, and drew up close to the right of the margravine's carriage.

"Hush! a poet is reading his ode," said the princess. "It is Count Fretzel von Wolfenstein."

This ode was dreadful to us, and all the Court people pretended they liked it. When he waved his right hand towards the statue there was a shout from the rustic set; when he bowed to the margravine, the ladies and gentlemen murmured agreeably and smiled. We were convinced of its being downright hypocrisy, rustic stupidity, Court flattery. We would have argued our case, too. I proposed a gallop. Temple said,—

"No, we'll give the old statue our cheer as soon as this awful fellow has done. I don't care much for poetry, but don't let me ever have to stand and hear German poetry again for the remainder of my life."

We could not imagine why they should have poetry read out to them instead of their fine band playing, but supposed it was for the satisfaction of the margravine, with whom I grew particularly annoyed on hearing Miss Sibley say she conceived her highness to mean that my father was actually on the ground, and that we neither of us, father and son, knew one another. I swore on my honour, on my life, he was not present; and the melancholy in my heart taking the form of extreme irritation, I spoke passionately. I rose in my stirrups, ready to shout, "Father! here's Harry Richmond come to see you. Where are you!" I did utter something—a syllable or two: "Make haste!" I think the words were. They

sprang from my inmost bosom, addressed without forethought to that drawling, mouthing poet. The margravine's face met mine like a challenge. She had her lips tight in a mere lip-smile, and her eyes gleamed with provocation.

"Her highness," Miss Sibley translated, "asks whether you are prepared to bet that your father is *not* on the ground?"

"Beg her to wait two minutes, and I'll be prepared to bet any sum," said I.

Temple took one half the circle, I the other, riding through the attentive horsemen and carriage-lines, and making sure the face we sought was absent, more or less discomposing everybody. The poet finished his ode; he was cheered, of course. Mightily relieved, I beheld the band resuming their instruments, for the cheering resembled a senseless beating on brass shields. I felt that we English could do it better. Temple from across the sector of the circle, running about two feet in front of the statue, called aloud,—

"Richie! he's not here!"

"Not here!" cried I.

The people gazed up at us, wondering at the tongue we talked.

"Richie! now let's lead these fellows off with a tip-top cheer!"

Little Temple crowed lustily.

The head of the statue turned from Temple to me.

I found the people falling back with amazed exclamations. I—so prepossessed was I—simply stared at the sudden-flashing white of the statue's eyes. The eyes, from being an instant ago dull carved balls, were animated. They were fixed on me. I was unable to give out a breath. Its chest heaved; both bronze hands struck against the bosom.

"Richmond! my son! Richie! Harry Richmond! Richmond Roy!"

That was what the statue gave forth.

My head was like a ringing pan. I knew it was my father, but my father with death and strangeness, earth, metal, about him; and his voice was like a human cry contending with earth and metal—mine was stifled. I saw him descend. I dismounted. We met at the ropes and embraced. All his figure was stiff, smooth, cold. My arms slid on him. Each time he spoke I thought it an unnatural thing: I myself had not spoken once.

After glancing by hazard at the empty saddle of the bronze horse, I called to mind more clearly the appalling circumstance which had stupefied the whole crowd. They had heard a statue speak—had seen a figure of bronze walk. For them it was the ancestor of their prince; it was the famous dead old warrior of a hundred and seventy years ago thus set in motion. Imagine the behaviour of people round a slain tiger that does not compel them to fly, and may yet stretch out a dreadful paw! Much so, they pressed for a nearer sight of its walnut visage, and shrank in the act. Perhaps I shared some of their sensations. I cannot tell: my sensations were tranced. There was no warmth to revive me in the gauntlet I clasped. I looked up at the sky, thinking that it had fallen dark.

## Old Norman Songs.

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THE valley of Vire has long been celebrated for its songs. In the centre of the rich and prosperous province of Normandy, Northern French here developed a rude and simple literature at a very early period. The poems which have been published from two MSS. of Vire, by Le Gost Clérissé of Caen, are a collection of the Volkslieder of this district. They consist principally of drinking-songs and love-ditties, but they also contain fragments of ballads, and a few patriotic pieces referring to the invasions of the English. Like all the literary efforts of a rustic and primitive population, these poems are distinguished by simplicity and immaturity. Their charm consists in naïveté and freshness. Their frequent repetition of the same ideas proves the intellectual poverty of the source from which they are derived. The want of art in their composition is a guarantee of the genuineness of the feeling which produced them. We seem, in reading them, to hear the voices of generations living tranquilly the same life, revolving in the same routine of simple joys and pains; rejoicing in the warmth of summer, and shrinking from the winter's cold; expanding in the spring to love, and welcoming the autumn with its gift of wine and corn. There is a pathos in this early undeveloped poetry like that which touches us in the unfoldings of the first buds and leaves of spring. All the images of joy which they contain are taken from the fields in April or in May. The song of the thrush and blackbird, the note of the nightingale, the blossoms of the apple-tree and thorn, the freshness of the greenwood after winter snows are melted—these are the ever-recurring themes of pleasure, hope, and love on which they dwell. The songs of the Minnesingers and of the Troubadours of Provence have something of the same monotony; but the clang of arms and the stirring of the great world were never far distant from the ladies' bowers in which they sounded: whereas these Norman ditties breathe of nothing but the crofts and cottages and pastures of a village. If the noise of war is heard at all at Vire, it is but some marauding English band of foragers who come to lift the cattle and to make great pillage of the Duchy. The peasants rise and do their best to pay back force with force, and deep and deadly is the hatred stored against their foes. From the beginning to the end of this scanty literature, we remain within the narrow circle of local interests, and it is this which gives it a peculiar charm. The Vaux de Vire should be read in Normandy in May; their flavour, like that of the cider which gushes from the presses of St. Lo or St. Sever, is native to the fair deep orchard-land which gave them birth so many centuries ago.

The best way to introduce these poems to English readers is, perhaps,

to imitate them, selecting for that purpose some of the clearest and best adapted for translation. The original French is not difficult, and the metrical structure is in most cases very simple. It will be noticed that in the English versions one peculiarity of the originals—a curious monotony of recurring rhymes—has been retained; but the succession of rhymes has not always been strictly adhered to.

The first group from which I purpose to select are the love-songs, by far the most numerous and characteristic of the collection. Here is one of a lover in praise of his mistress :—

Fair is her body, bright her eye,  
With smiles her mouth is kind to me;  
Then, think no evil, this is she  
Whom God hath made my only joy.

Between the earth and heaven high  
There is no maid so fair as she;  
The beauty of her sweet body  
Doth ever fill my heart with joy.

He is a knave, nor do I lie,  
Who loveth her not heartily;  
The grace that shines from her body  
Giveth to lovers all great joy.

The following is not so happy. It has a sort of Elizabethan ring about its last repeated line :—

Sad, lost in thought, and mute I go:  
The cause, ah me! you know full well:  
But see that nought thereof you tell,  
For men will only laugh at woe—  
For men will only laugh at woe.

The same sort of quaintness gives grace to this dialogue :—

Kiss me now, my merry May;  
By the soul of love I pray!  
Prithee, nay! Tell, tell me why?  
If with you I sport and play,  
My mother will be vexed to-day.  
Tell me why—oh, tell me why?

The following is a fragment :—

Before my lady's window gay  
The little birds they sing all day—  
The lark, the mavis, and the dove:  
But the sweet nightingale of May,  
She whiles the silent hours away  
Singing of sorrow, joy, and love.

I must confess to having modernized this fragment—a fault which the next also shares :—

I found at daybreak yester morn,  
Close by the nest where she was born,  
A tender turtle-dove:  
Oha! ohé! chesa, hesa, hé!

She fluttered, but she could not fly ;  
I heard, but would not heed her cry :

She had not learned to love :

Oha ! ohé ! ohesa, hesa, hé !

Now she is quiet on my breast,  
And from her new and living nest

She doth not seek to rove :

Oha ! ohé ! ohesa, hesa, hé !

Some of the songs assume the form of very simple ballads. This is a pretty one, though somewhat insipid :—

This month of May, one pleasant eventide,  
I heard a young girl singing on the green ;  
I came upon her where the ways divide,  
And said, " God keep you, maiden, from all teen.

" Maiden, the God of love you keep and save,  
And give you all your heart desires," I cried.  
Then she : " Pray tell me, gentle sir and brave,  
Whither you wend this pleasant eventide ? "

" To you I come, a lover leal and true,  
To tell you all my hope and all my care ;  
Your love alone is what I seek ; than you  
No woman ever seemed to me more fair."

Here is a parting scene :—

In this first merry morn of May,  
When as the year grows young and green,  
Into the wood I went my way,  
To say farewell unto my queen.  
And when we could no longer stay,  
Weeping upon my neck she fell,—  
O send me news from far away !  
Farewell, sweet love of mine, farewell !

The ladies, in the absence of their lovers, are very desirous of news. A pretty song turns on this anxiety :—

O Love, my love and perfect bliss !  
God in His goodness grant me this—  
I see thee soon again.  
Nought else I need to take away  
The grief that for thy sake alway  
Doth keep me in great pain.

Alas ! I know not what to do,  
Nor how to get good news and true :

Dear God, I pray to Thee ;  
If else Thou canst not comfort me,  
Of Thy great mercy make that he  
Send speedy news to me.

Within my father's garden walls  
There is a tree,—when April falls  
It blossometh alway.

There wend I oft in winter drear,  
Yea, and in spring, the winds to hear,  
The sweet winds at their play.



The following is of the same kind, but more irregular : the whole of it has not been rendered into English :—

Alas ! poor heart, I pity thee  
 For all the grief thou hast and care !  
 My love I see not anywhere ;  
 He is so far away from me.  
 Until once more his face I see  
 I shall be sad by night and day ;  
 And if his face I may not see  
 Then I shall die most certainly :  
 For other pleasures have I none,  
 And all my hope is this alone.  
 No ease I take by night and day :  
 O Love, my love, to thee I pray  
 Have pity upon me !

Dear nightingale of woodland gay,  
 Who singest on the leafy tree,  
 Go, take a message I thee pray,  
 A message to my love from me ;  
 Tell, tell him that I waste away  
 And weaker grow from day to day.  
 Ah, God ! what pain and grief have we  
 Who are poor lovers, leal and true :  
 For every week that we pass through,  
 Five hundred thousand griefs have we :  
 One cannot think, or count, or tell  
 The griefs and pains that we know well !

A forlorn knight echoes this lament in the following stanzas :—

Now who is he on earth that lives  
 Who knows or with his tongue can say  
 What grief to poor lovers it gives  
 To love with loyal heart away ?  
 So bitter is their portion—yea,  
 So hard their part !  
 But this doth more confound my heart—  
 Unloved to love, and still to pray !  
 Thinking thereon I faint away.

The two next are both of them, in their way, pretty. We will call the first a lover's prayer :—

Sweet flower, that art so fair and gay,  
 Come tell me if thou lovest me !  
 Think well, and tell me presently :  
 For sore it irks me, by my fay—  
 For sore it irketh me alway  
 That I know not the mind of thee :  
 I pray thee, gentle lady gay,  
 If so thou wilt, tell truth to me !  
 For I do love thee so, sweet May,  
 That if my heart thou wert to see,  
 In sooth I know, of courtesy  
 Thou would'st have pity on me this day.

The second may be called a lover's vow :—

My love for him shall be  
Fair love and true :  
For he loves me, I know,  
And I love him, pardie !

And, for I know that he  
Doth love me so,  
I should be all untrue  
To love but him, pardie !

A very gentle spring-day ditty is the next :—

Beneath the branch of the green May  
My merry heart sleeps happily,  
Waiting for him who promised me  
To meet me here again this day.  
And what is that I would not do  
To please my love so dear to me ?  
He loves me with leal heart and true,  
And I love him no less, pardie !  
Perchance I see him but a day ;  
Yet maketh he my heart so free—  
His beauty so rejoiceth me—  
That months thereafter I am gay.

Another damsel is indignant—not without good cause apparently :

They have said evil of my dear ;  
Therefore my heart is vexed and drear :  
But what is it to them  
If he be fair or foul to see,  
Since he is perfect joy to me ?  
He loves me well : the like do I :  
I do not look with half an eye,  
But seek to pleasure him.  
From all the rest I choose him here ;  
I want no other for my dear :  
How then should he displease  
Those who may leave him if they please ?  
God keep him from all fear !

A stormier burst of indignation escapes from the lips of a gentleman who has been slandered to his lady :

They lied, those lying traitors all,  
Disloyal, hypocritical,  
Who feigned that I spake ill of thee !  
Heed not their words of charity ;  
For they are flatterers tongued with gall,  
And liars all.

They make the tales that they let fall,  
Coining falsehoods, wherewithal  
They swear that I spake ill of thee :  
Heed not their lies of charity ;  
For they are flatterers tongued with gall,  
And liars all.

Believe them not, although they call  
Themselves thy servants ; one and all,  
They lie, or God's curse light on me !—  
Whatever oaths they swear to thee,  
Or were they thrice as stout and tall,  
They're liars all !

After quoting two stanzas of another song, we will leave these love-ditties.

<p>O nightingale of woodland gay !          Go to my love and to her tell,          That I do love her passing well ;          And bid her also think of me,          For I to her will bring the May :</p>	<p>The May that I shall bring will be          Nor rose nor any budding flower ;          But with my heart I will her dower ;          And kisses on her lips I'll lay,          And pray God keep her heartily.</p>
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Only one true ballad, in our sense of the word, can I find among these songs. It runs as follows :—

Maid Margery sits at the castle-gate :  
 With groans and sighs  
 She weeps and cries :  
 Her grief it is great.  
 Her father asks, " Daughter, what is your woe ?  
 Seek you a husband or lord I trow ? "  
 " Let husbands be !  
 Give my love to me,  
 Who pines in the dungeon dark below ! "  
 " Ifaith, my daughter, thou'lt long want him ;  
 For he hangs to-morrow when dawn is dim."  
 " Then bury my corpse at the gallows feet ;  
 And men will say—they were true lovers sweet."

Some of the raciest of the Norman songs are drinking-catches. The lightest and best of them are almost untranslatable in English. We miss the delicacy of the French refrains, and the sound of laughter in their facile lines. One or two, however, may be selected as specimens.

The following song describes a party of village gossips at their cups. These ladies do not fail to remind us of the Athenian dames described by Aristophanes in the *Thesmophoriazusa*. Human nature does not vary. The gossips of Noah's wife in our old Mystery plays of Chester and of Widkirk Abbey use much the same language. Some excuse must be craved for the pertinacious monotony of rhyme in the translation. The original has been copied in this particular.

Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 They were three wives that had one heart for wine ;  
 One to the other said—We drink no wine !  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 The varlet stood in jerkin tight and fine  
 To serve the dames with service of good wine.  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 These wives they cried—Here's service of good wine !  
 Make we good cheer, nor stint our souls of wine !  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
 The gallant fills, nor seeketh further sign,  
 But crowns the cups with service of good wine.  
 Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.  
Singing beginneth, and sweet notes combine  
With joyance to proclaim the praise of wine !  
Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.

Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine. ]  
For fear of husbands will we never pine ;  
They are not here to mar the taste of wine.  
Drink, gossips mine ! we drink no wine.

What sort of songs were sung at these convivial meetings appears from another Bacchic melody which follows :—

Sweet comrades, fellows of the vine !  
Drink we by morn and eve, drink wine—  
A cask or so :  
Ha ho !  
Nor will we pay our host one jot,  
Save a credo !

But if our host sue us therefor,  
We'll tell him he must pass it o'er  
Quasimodo :  
Ha ho !  
Nor will we pay our host one jot,  
Save a credo !

The jolliest of all the toppers of the Val de Vire was Oliver Basselin, who lived in the reign of Louis XII., and was killed by the English. The song which follows alludes to his death, and to the sadness which it cast over the pleasant company of Vire :—

Alas ! good Oliver Basselin !  
Shall we of you no more hear tell ?  
And have the English killed you then ?  
  
You once were wont to sing your songs  
And live, I ween, right joyously,  
Joining in all the jolly throngs  
Throughout the land of Normandy.  
  
Far as St. Lo in Cotentin,  
Mid fellows fair, as I hear tell,  
No pilgrim like to him was seen.  
  
The English they have done great wrong  
Unto the fellows of Van de Vire ;  
No more shall you hear voice or song  
From those who once sang all the year.  
  
To God with stout heart pray we will,  
And to Queen Mary, that sweet maid,  
To bring the English to all ill :  
The Father's curse on them be laid !

The animosity against the English is still more strongly exemplified in some ballads referring expressly to the ravages of the armies of Henry V. The following patriotic song relates to the death of the conqueror of Agincourt, and to the siege of Harfleur, after which he expelled the Norman inhabitants and planted in their stead an English colony. It also commemorates the exploits of Captain Prigent de Bidoulx, who commanded the galleys of Louis XII. in 1513, and defended the coast of Normandy from English invasions. Allusion is made in line 7 to the English habit of wearing the hair long : and the name Godon or Godap

in line 12, seems to be a corruption of *Goddam*, the traditional French appellation of an Englishman. After these prefatory explanations, we may give the ballad at length :—

The English King himself of late let call  
 The King of France by style and proclamation :  
 His curséd will it was to summon all  
 Good Frenchmen forth from out their land and nation.  
 Now he is dead at St. Fiacre en Brie :  
 From land of France the churls are ousted quite ;  
 There sneaks no English pig-tailed cur in sight :  
 Cursed be their race and lineage all, say we.  
 They shipped their battle all upon the sea,  
 With store of biscuit and each knave a can ;  
 And so by sea to Biscay merrily  
 Sailed they to crown their little King Godan.  
 Bat all their doing was but idle play,  
 So well hath Captain Prégent made them skip ;  
 Foundered they are by land and eke on ship :  
 Cursed be their race and lineage all, we say.

The next has been called the *Marseillaise* of the Norman peasantry. It is chiefly interesting for its rusticity and for the touches of unconscious humour which season its deadly hatred :—

Good folk of village, thorp, and hall  
 Who love the French King well,  
 Take heart of courage, each and all,  
 To fight the English fell.

Seize each a pruning-hook and hoe  
 To lop them root and branch,  
 And if you cannot make them go,  
 Show a sour countenance.

Fear not to grapple with them close,  
 These Goddams, guts of grease,  
 For one of us for four of those,  
 Or three, is match with ease.

By God, if I could clutch them here—  
 And by this oath I stand—  
 I'd show them, without feint or fear,  
 How heavy is my hand.

Nor pig nor goose in all the shire  
 Have they left far or wide :  
 Nor fowl nor fowl-house by the byre—  
 God send them evil tide !

Another ballad, complaining, in like rustic fashion, of oppression and extortion, may possibly refer to English rapine, but more likely to the rapacity of feudal bailiffs and tax-collectors. Commentators differ about the "*court vestus*" in line 9.

In the Duchy of Normandy  
 Pillage reigns and thievery ;  
 Of wealth and goods there is no store :  
 God grant us respite presently,  
 Or each man, as he may, must flee,  
 And leave his home for evermore.

As for me, I will not stay ;  
 For there is left nor ease nor cheer,  
 By reason of the shortcoats ; they  
 Too often came my door anear.

The knaves, with foul discourtesy,  
 Ask us to give when nought have we,  
 And eke they cudgel us full sore :  
 Nathless, what boots it but that we  
 Should pray, " Good sirs, of charity,  
 Take all we have ! What have we more ? "

Right willingly would I pay toll  
 If aught I had wherewith to pay,  
 But all my wealth, upon my soul,  
 And all my goods, are given away.

I cannot show them courtesy  
 By reason of grim penury,  
 Which keepeth me a bondman poor :  
 Nor friend nor lover dear have I  
 In France nor yet in Normandy  
 To aid with alms my beggared store.

God grant that peace and law might sway  
 Through Christendom on every side ;  
 Yea, grant us peace to last alway ;  
 So might we all secure abide.

If Christendom at one might be,  
 Then should we live right joyously,  
 And shut on grief the prison door :  
 God curse them who make woes to be,  
 And eke the blessed Maid Mary,  
 Withouten hope for evermore.

On this note let us close. The specimens which we have given of the different sorts of Norman songs are very far from exhausting the collection. To render the naïveté of the originals is almost impossible ; nor is it easy to maintain their recurrences of rhymes and phrases without intolerable monotony. Much indulgence, therefore, is craved by the translator for his rude attempt.

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## Lieutenant de Chasselay:

A STORY OF 1848.

### I.

ONE evening of the year 1845 some excitement was caused at the Lieutenants' mess of the 5th Hussars, in garrison at Versailles, by the announcement that amongst the recruits who had joined the regiment in the morning was a certain Marquis de Chasselay, whose extravagance and follies had long been the talk of all Paris.

In most of the crack cavalry corps of the French army there are a few young gentlemen of good family, who have enlisted as private soldiers after running through their fortunes. Their buckling on the knapsack is not considered derogatory, for the profession of arms has kept all its prestige in the land of Duguesclin and Bayard, and it is thought more honourable for a ruined spendthrift to carve his way back with a sword to the position he has lost than to turn book-maker, jockey, or a billiard-marker.

As a rule, the noblemen-soldiers form a set apart in their regiments. They club together, amuse themselves together, and, if they have the sense to behave themselves, are never many years in winning their epaulettes.

The Marquis Henri Beuvron de Chasselay was one of the most prodigal of all the prodigals who have ever been reduced by the pressure of necessity to take up with soldiering. He had squandered away a fortune of six million francs in five years. He had made his name famous at all the race-courses of France and all the gambling spas of Germany. He was the hero of a hundred madcap wagers and daredevil escapades. His losses, his duels, his bets, his flirtations, were as much matters of public notoriety as the current prices at the Bourse or the variations in the weather; so that harmless people, who fancied rakes existed only in books, talked of him to one another with bated breath and eyes upraised as of a modern variety of Don Juan. From the day of his coming of age to the moment of his ultimate collapse, he had been the text of more occasional notes in the sporting and scandal-loving papers of Paris than any five other members of the Jockey Club put together. His ruin had been foretold as inevitable two or three years before it happened; and, although the Marquis bore one of the finest names in the French nobility, and was known to have relatives and connections in all the highest posts of State and Church, Army and Navy, yet his enlistment as a private

soldier had long seemed the only possible termination to the scatter-brain life he was leading.

The officer who brought the news of the recruit's arrival to the Hussars' mess-room was a Lieutenant of the name of Bastide. He gave the thing out as a good joke, and sat down to dinner evidently much amused at the idea that a marquis would be obliged to pipeclay his own belt and black his own shoes just like any other trooper.

The rest of the officers appeared to share his merriment; one sub-Lieutenant only changed colour slightly on hearing the intelligence, and said to Bastide,—

"Are you sure you are not mistaken? I knew the Marquis was in difficulties, but I didn't suspect it had come to this."

"Oh, perfectly certain," answered Bastide, raising his eyeglass and looking up to see who had asked the question. "I had seen Chasselays twenty times in the betting-ring at Chantilly and Longchamps, and I recognized him at once in the batch of recruits. He has not altered in the least—same head, same stoop, same air of being everywhere at his ease. One can't help admiring the fellow; he takes his fall as coolly as if it were a treat to him. But are you a friend of his, Marsan?" added the Lieutenant; "my tidings seem to have affected you——"

"I am not a friend of his," replied the young man addressed as Marsan. "We are only acquaintances; but I know him enough to like him, and I am sorry to see him in this trouble."

"Bah! keep your pity for those who want it," growled an old lieutenant of forty-five, who had toiled his way up from the ranks laboriously step by step, and was not over-partial to the young men of family who got helped up the ladder of promotion by influential connections. "You may depend upon it, this young bantam will be crowing over all our heads before long. I'll bet a hundred francs he has his captaincy before me."

"Whatever promotion he obtains, you may be sure he will deserve it," remarked Lieutenant de Marsan positively.

"Yes, I think so, too, if he rides at the enemy as he does at a five-barred gate," answered Lieutenant Bastide, laughing. "Meanwhile, it's a mystery to me how he's going to manage upon two sous a day, after having found he had not enough to spend with six millions."

"He fell into bad hands," said De Marsan.

"Bad hands! bad hands!" grumbled the old Lieutenant, whose name was Roublot. "I should like to know what you call that. When I was eighteen, my father gave me five crown-pieces, and told me to shift for myself. I enlisted, and here I am. I've fallen into queer hands in my time, but it's never been a way with me to lay the blame of things I've done myself on the shoulders of others."

"Neither would Chasselays do so," rejoined De Marsan warmly. "Only what he would not say I can. There is not a more honourable man alive. He has never spent a centime that was not his, nor contracted a debt he has not paid. His fault is that he was too generous and

trustful. If he had been as unscrupulous as his so-called friends, he would not be where he is."

"That may be," growled old Roublot; "but I hope you are not going to ask me to admire the young man simply because he is neither a blackleg nor a sharper."

The dinner continued amidst talk about the ruined Marquis, whose repeated eccentricities were enough to furnish conversation for a month. When dessert came on, Lieutenant de Marsan, pleading an engagement, took up his sword and cap, and walked out of the hotel where the lieutenants messed to go back to barracks. He was impatient to see the Marquis, in order to speak to him, and do him any of the little services which it is in the power of an officer to render a private soldier. Monsieur de Marsan was no democrat, and the idea that a marquis should be reduced to herd with raw clowns, and eat his soup out of the same tin-pot with them, rather shocked him. On his way he mused over the last visit he had paid to M. de Chasselay, whilst the latter was still in the heyday of his wealth, and kept open table in the Chaussée d'Antin. He remembered the Marquis showing him a ponderous sword that had belonged to one of his ancestors—a Chasselay of the Crusades—and saying, with a smile, "It was with this trowel my people built up their house. If things come to their worst, it is not too rusty to serve me again." The contrast between then and now saddened the sub-lieutenant, who was himself a very sensible, well-conducted officer, and had always felt pity for the silly young man who allowed himself to be duped and fleeced by his friends. M. de Marsan was not one of those amiable philosophers who take a pleasure in their neighbours' mishaps; it was, perhaps, a defect in him that he could never hear of disgrace or sorrow without being moved.

As he strode into the barrack-yard, the first thing he saw was a squad of recruits being put through their facings by a drill-sergeant. It was summer time, the days were long, and the sergeant had availed himself of the hour when most of the soldiers are out taking an evening airing to give a little preliminary instruction to his novice troopers, who went through their movements better when there was nobody to laugh at them. "Now, then, there!" the sergeant was saying; "eyes front and attention! You, number three, bring your heels together; number two, you look as if you squinted; number seven, those round shoulders won't do; hold up your head, and stare straight in front of you."

Number seven was the Marquis. It was easy to distinguish him from his brother recruits, amidst whom he seemed as a greyhound among mastiffs. He was not handsome. His complexion was sallow, his face was prematurely furrowed with the wrinkles of dissipated living, and his chest was contracted as if from weakness. Nevertheless, he had a proud, bold look, and an air of mingled intelligence and good-humour that had a charm for all judges of character. He appeared to have adapted himself thoroughly to his new circumstances. He listened to the instructions

of the sergeant with a sort of interest, performed his exercises much better than the others of his squad, and soon won the heart of the old drill-master, who had at first been inclined to resent his round shoulders as symptoms of military incapacity. The drill lasted about forty minutes, during which time Lieutenant de Marsan took refuge in the guard-room, so as not to draw off the attention of the recruits. When the command "Fall out!" was given, he waited until most of the soldiers had dispersed, and then ran after the Marquis, who was going up one of the staircases to his dormitory. On hearing himself followed, the nobleman turned round, and at the sight of the Lieutenant raised his hand to his cap and saluted; but on recognizing De Marsan, who addressed him by his name and title, he held out both hands together and smiled.

"How do you do, Marsan?" he said. "It isn't discipline shaking hands with one's officers; but there's nobody looking." And he laughed at this as gaily as a schoolboy breaking rules.

"It's a great relief to me to see you in such good spirits, Marquis," replied the Lieutenant, with some emotion. "I was afraid you might be cast down after all this trouble."

"Why should I be cast down?" replied the Marquis, carelessly. "I've brought it all on myself; perhaps even I'm better off than I deserve." And saying this he looked at the bright cuffs of his new jacket, and thence straightforwardly at the Lieutenant, who scarcely knew what to make of such a frank avowal.

"Come up to my room and we'll talk over old times," added the Marquis; but correcting himself immediately, he said, with a shrug of the shoulders and a comic look of disappointment, "I forgot, I have no rooms; there are four-and-twenty of us in my apartment, and there are nothing but beds to sit upon."

"Come to mine," laughed the Lieutenant; "I lodge close by, and I'll ask leave till midnight for you of the officer on duty. We shall be at home, and nobody to disturb us."

Lieutenant de Marsan lodged in a small third-floor set of rooms in a boarding-house near the barracks. Government allowed him twenty francs a month\* to pay for this apartment, which, plainly furnished as it was, cost more than twice that money. There was a perfect air of neatness about the lodging. One could tell at a glance that the occupant was a man of order, who liked to see everything in its place, ready at hand when wanted. The Marquis bantered the Lieutenant playfully when he saw the walking-sticks and swords standing trimly in their rack; the books classed methodically on their shelves; the blotting-book on the table lying at exact right angles with the inkstand, and the chairs set all at their proper posts like sentries. "What a martinet you must be,

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\* French officers neither lodge nor mess in barracks. They have a lodging-allowance, which varies according to their grade, but which is always insufficient to house them suitably. They generally mess at hotels, the captains and lieutenants dining separately.

Marsan," he said; "if I am in your company I shall be martyred on account of missing buttons, straps unbuckled, and knots unfastened. Order and I have never been able to get on with each other; we have been on cool terms ever since I can remember."

The Lieutenant, whilst listening to his friend, was searching in the cupboard for the materials of hospitality. He produced successively a box of cigars, a bottle of cognac, a sugar-basin, two lemons, and a kettle with a spirit-lamp. It took only a few minutes to concoct what Frenchmen call "un grog," and the fumes of the beverage having thawed all that remained of mutual shyness, the officer and the hussar were soon plunged deep in intimate conversation.

Nothing could bring the Marquis to acknowledge that anybody but himself had been concerned in his ruin. The Lieutenant was able to quote half-a-dozen names of parasites who had been enriched by the spendthrift's prodigalities, and whose shameless plundering of the unhappy young man had excited the indignation of honest gentlemen. But at each name mentioned by De Marsan, Henri de Chasselay shook his head deprecatingly, and said "No." It was evident he was either too proud to admit that anybody had taken advantage of his weakness, or too generous to attribute to others actions he would have scorned to commit himself.

"Listen, Marsan," he exclaimed at last, with unusual gravity, "there are people who will tell you when they are ruined that they have been victims of this or that; it may be in some cases, but it is not so in mine. I believe there are persons who have a talent for being rich, just as there are others who must always remain poor. I am one of these last. Money for me is a something soluble which melts at the touch. I have never been able to keep a coin in my pocket, and have always felt it a misery to try. Perhaps my education has had something to do with this, for I was brought up as not many other boys are. Until twenty I remained in the keeping of an uncle who thought to teach me the value of money by never giving me a sou. I was the old gentleman's heir; he was absurdly rich, and the idea that I might some day make ducks and drakes of his savings threw him into frenzies of terror impossible to conceive. All I wanted in the way of food and clothes he gave me and without stint, but on no account would he ever hear talk of money. If I wished to reward a servant who had been civil to me, I was obliged to give him a coat or a pair of boots. One day a tenant fished me out of a mill-pond, where I was drowning, and I gave him half my wardrobe, for it would have been as useless to ask my uncle for a hundred francs as it would have been to beg for the moon or the crown of France. In this way I grew to look upon the having a pocketful of money to waste as the one great aim of existence; and when, at twenty, my uncle's death left me in sudden possession of his fortune, I knew too little of counting to reckon whether I spent ten francs a day or ten thousand. I do not say my man of business might not

have managed my estates a little better than he did. I think he might, perhaps, if he had tried, but the result would have been the same in the end. Instead of being ruined now, I should have been ruined next year or the year after, and instead of being a recruit at twenty-five, I should not have attained that dignity till twenty-seven. My opinion is that things are very well as they are. Out of my six millions I have still an annuity of five thousand francs, which would not have been enough to keep me in shirt-buttons two years ago, but which will help to make me a competence if I am lucky enough to exchange my present plain jacket for an embroidered one like yours. I daresay I shall learn a lesson from the past. I have sown all the wild-oats garnered up during a fifteen-years' stay in my uncle's castle—my holiday time has been a short and merry one. If you ask me whether I am particularly proud of the way in which I have used my opportunities, I will tell you candidly I am not. But then I have this to say, that I owe no man a centime, and that every sou I spent was my own. If others have been enriched by my losings, I do not grudge it them; when the wind blows the fruits off a tree, somebody must pick them up."

The Lieutenant at first made no reply to this speech. He was thinking of the few words the Marquis had let fall about the man of business who had mismanaged his affairs. There was a rumour in Paris that the Marquis's lawyer, who had been chief trustee to the estate during his minority, and chief steward of it afterwards, had been the principal agent of M. de Chasselay's ruin. It was said that he had done his best to encourage the young nobleman's extravagance by misrepresenting to him the extent of his fortune, and by driving him first to mortgage, and then to part with his estates one after the other. There were ugly reports, too, as to the way in which the sale of the property had been effected. There had been no public auctions. The whole transaction had been carried on in private between the unwary Marquis and his wily adviser. From chance remarks thrown out by the former it had been gathered that he had sold his estates for about a fifth of their real value; and the general opinion was that the property had not only fallen into the hands of the lawyer, but that the latter,—a very long-headed and unscrupulous Alsatian named Fischer,—had bought the whole heritage with money already plundered from the Marquis. If the Lieutenant had been on terms of closer intimacy with Henri de Chasselay, he might have questioned him narrowly and got at the truth, but their acquaintance was of too conventional a character to admit of this proceeding; besides which, even if the truth were ascertained, it would be of no use, as the estates once sold could not be got back again. After turning all this over in his mind, the Lieutenant knocked a long white ash from his cigar, and said kindly, "Whatever or whoever may have been the cause of your ruin, Chasselay, you bear your vicissitudes like a man, and deserve to succeed in the new life you are going to try. But, tell me, why have you chosen the army, of all careers in the world? It's miserable work drilling in a blue coat



for two sous a day. By the help of your name and connections you could surely have got an attaché-ship or a post under Government?"

"I was offered both the attaché-ship and the post under Government, but I declined them," answered the Marquis, simply. "I am strong enough to fight my own way, and I prefer that to letting people think that, having spent all my money, I was not above begging of my friends. If you think this reason too high-flown, I may add that to fill an attaché-ship or a sub-préfecture with credit requires a private income of at least fifteen or twenty thousand francs; which I have not got. As a soldier, nobody will expect me to be rich. If I earn my commission, I can keep myself honourably with my pay and my small annuity; for, of course, I shall never marry."

This allusion to marriage set the Lieutenant musing again, for he was well aware that a nobleman with such a name and title as Chasselay need never wait long for a rich wife, even though he have not an acre nor a guinea to offer with his coronet. A thickly-peopled vision of rich tradesmen's and ambitious bankers' daughters rose up before him, and he fell to wondering from what feeling it was that the Marquis had neglected an opportunity of re-establishing his fortunes, to which most men in his position would have had recourse unhesitatingly. M. de Marsan, like a good many perfectly honourable Frenchmen, took very business-like views of matrimony. He saw nothing over-objectionable in a ruined nobleman throwing his escutcheon in the marriage-scale as a set-off against a handsome cheque-book. It is not very certain that he would have sold his title himself, if he had possessed one; but he would not have thought the worse of any friend of his for doing so.

"I have heard it bruited twenty times that you were going to be married," he said, inquiringly, to the Marquis; "but I suppose it was all gossip, like the rest?"

"Well, not altogether," replied Henri de Chasselay, with some seriousness. "When it was known that I was getting ruined, the newsmongers of the sporting papers used to talk of my marriage twice regularly every week. I did think of marrying once; but the girl to whom I proposed refused me. It served me right, for I was not worthy of her. Since then I have had plenty of other chances, but——"

"But you object to marrying for money," interposed the Lieutenant, seeing that his friend was embarrassed as to how to finish his sentence.

"Well, you see my money is my own, and I can do with it what I please; my name belongs to my ancestors, and I have no right to dispose of it," answered the Marquis, reddening a little, as if confessing to a piece of prejudice. "You must excuse this out-of-date sentiment, Marsan; but I owe something to my ancestors. They have done more for me than I ever have for them."

"I see nothing out of date in the sentiment," rejoined the Lieutenant, gravely. "It is that of a highly honourable man."

"I wish everybody else thought so," exclaimed the Marquis; "but it seems there are two ways of considering questions, for I have quarrelled with my man of business on this very subject."

Henri de Chasselay said this in a tone that was half-plaintive, half-jocular. The Lieutenant looked up at him with fixed attention and said pointedly,

"So M. Fischer wanted you to marry, did he?"

"Yes," answered the Marquis innocently. "He says it's a duty I owe to Society, and he taxes me with antiquated pride and nobiliary vanity because I refuse the match he offers me."

"What match?"

"Hum! I don't exactly know, for I have never seen the young lady; but I believe it is his own daughter."

"I thought so," exclaimed the Lieutenant dryly. "After swindling you out of all your money and rendering you helpless, he hopes to entice you now into giving your coronet to his daughter. What he wants is to be able to call himself the father-in-law of a marquis and to climb into decent society on your shoulders. He's an infernal scamp is your man of business, and I wish I had him here to tell him so."

The Marquis, like all young men who had done very foolish things, was averse to passing for a dupe. Although the conviction had been daily growing upon him since his ruin, that the astute M. Fischer had behaved rather suspiciously towards him, yet he was unwilling that others should think this. The perspicacity of the Lieutenant annoyed him. He answered somewhat testily:—

"I have no reason to suppose, Marsan, that I have been so much victimized as you say. I don't think I am quite a fool."

"My poor Chasselay," exclaimed the Lieutenant, rising and laying a hand on the young man's shoulder. "It is no dishonour to you that you should have allowed yourself to be imposed upon by the man you were generous enough to trust. You must not be offended at what I say. Everybody speaks about your ruin as I do. It is a public rumour that you have been tricked and defrauded by an unprincipled scoundrel."

The Marquis frowned. "People talk about me, do they, and give out that I have been fooled," he muttered angrily. "What else do they say about me?"

"Shall I tell you?" replied the Lieutenant, smiling slightly at the young man's outburst of temper. "They say that after suffering yourself to be stripped of all you have, you are shortsighted enough not to see the thief who has robbed you; so that, whilst you are paying for your credulity by drudging as a private soldier, the fortunate M. Fischer is rubbing his hands and chuckling at your simplicity."

The Marquis turned pale. "They say that!" he cried, biting his lips and glaring indignantly. "Then, by my solemn word of honour, I will prove to them they are mistaken. Soon or late I will show those who

laugh at me that I am not the man they take me for. And as for Fischer, if I find he has deceived me, heaven help him ! ”

The Marquis set his teeth as he made this threat, and Lieutenant de Marsan reflected that, some day or other, things might perhaps turn out badly for Fischer. It was then a quarter to midnight. The two friends had been sitting near the open window in the moonlight, paying no attention to the hours ; but the striking of the clock now warned the hussar it was time to go back to barracks. He picked up his thick cloth cap with the red braiding, fastened his white belt and shook hands with the Lieutenant, who went to open the door for him.

“ How long shall I be rising to where you are, Marsan ? ” he asked pensively, as both stood on the landing.

“ Not long,” answered the Lieutenant. “ The regiment is going to Algeria next month, and promotion is rapid there.”

“ Very well,” said Henri de Chasselay, with firmness ; “ if good conduct can make me rise I shall not remain long where I am.”

The Lieutenant went to the window to watch the young man as he hurried down the street towards the barracks. That evening’s interview had kindled his sympathy for the guileless, open-hearted young nobleman into a warm friendship.

“ De Chasselay’s is a sterling nature,” murmured the officer as he lost sight of the recruit in the dark, “ but perhaps his ruin is all for the best. It is by hard trials that characters like his are strengthened. Now that his vanity has had such a shaking he will probably make his way.

## II.

Two years passed. The 5th Hussars were sent to Algeria, a colony famous then, as now, for its periodical famines and chronic insurrections. In time of peace it generally takes a private soldier seven years to rise to a sub-lieutenancy ; during war, the time may be lessened to three years, or even two ; but when the private soldier has rank and connections, his deeds of valour may be said to count double, for the eye of the Colonel is upon him, and after every skirmish in which he has shown common courage, down goes his name for promotion. The Marquis de Chasselay was scarcely a twelvemonth winning his epaulets. To do him justice, he quite deserved them, for his conduct was throughout admirable, and his cool intrepidity under fire something to see and take note of. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether his excellent behaviour would have pushed him so fast up the ladder if he had been plain Monsieur Chasselay, and had no friends to call the attention of the War Office to his amazing courage and gallantry. In France, as elsewhere, it does a man no harm to have a few well-wishers in high places.

Happily for the Marquis, he had such an amiable character that nobody in the regiment resented his quick rise or felt jealous of it. His brother soldiers liked him for his good-nature ; and the officers were glad to have him amongst them—in the first place, because he was a perfect

gentleman ; and in the next, because, say what one will about titles, there are always three men out of four who will enjoy being on close terms with a marquis. Henri de Chasselay had laboured hard to merit his promotion, and when he obtained it, he made no attempt to disguise his satisfaction. His twelve months as a private and non-commissioned officer had drilled him thoroughly and made a man of him. By the time he received his commission, his paleness and wrinkles had disappeared, he held himself as straight as an ash, and his blood flowed so prosperously in his veins that he looked ten years younger than his former self. Frederick de Marsan, who had become his chief friend and ally, admired the speediness with which the extenuated, weak-limbed prodigal had developed into a well-shaped, bright-eyed officer. Occasionally the two friends talked over the old Paris days, when the Marquis used to sit, flushed and excited, playing *lansquenet* till four in the morning for rouleaux of ten thousand francs, and at the recollection Henri de Chasselay would laugh. But he was so little of a hypocrite, that he never pretended to be sorry for his past extravagances, nor professed that he would not throw his money about in exactly the same way if only he had another chance. He stuck obstinately to his theory as to certain natures being fashioned for riches and others for poverty. "I have not the bump of economy, and I like pleasure," he used to say, with a candid shrug of the shoulders. "If you gave me a million to-morrow, I should not rest till it was all gone. The kindest thing, therefore, that Providence can do for me is to leave me as I am ; for, as it is, having nothing to spend, I have no temptation to be wasteful."

There was one point, however, upon which the Marquis was extremely sore, and that was the roguery of the long-fingered M. Fischer. A year's reflection had convinced him that he had been systematically plundered. He remembered a hundred suspicious little circumstances which had not struck him at the time, whilst he still had confidence in Fischer, but which occurred to him now that he no longer felt any doubt as to the dishonesty of that worthy. The effrontery, the deep cunning, the quiet, silent-working villany of his man of business, threw the young man into fits of passion, during which he uttered menaces which must have rendered M. Fischer exceedingly uneasy had it been given him to hear them. If the truth must be told, the last scheme of Fischer's, by which he had sought to secure the Marquis as a husband for his daughter, caused the young nobleman most annoyance of any. Not that he was conceited of his rank, for he would have married an apple-girl had he loved her, but he was profoundly humiliated that he should have been so nearly falling into a trap which would have placed him in the dependency of his despoiler for life. It was only after a very tough struggle with himself that Henri de Chasselay had refused the match which his lawyer had proposed. With ruin staring him in the face, his first impulse had been to accept ; for the man of business had sounded high the dowry of the young lady, and the unpleasant alternative between marriage and destitution.

The Marquis shuddered when he thought of the ridiculous position in which he would have placed himself had he yielded to the seductions so cleverly held out to him. Married to a girl who was probably plain and vulgar, and who would have been portioned out of his own money, he would have been expected to introduce his father-in-law into society, and to aid him with his interest in furthering any ambitious projects the man might have had for himself and his two sons. Of course the dowry of Mdlla. Fischer would have been so tied up that her husband would not have had the disposal of a penny of it; and the unfortunate Marquis would have found himself fettered hand and foot in the midst of a family of rascals indebted both for fortune and credit to his simplicity. When these thoughts pressed themselves on his mind, Henri de Chasselay felt a violent inclination to ask for a fortnight's leave, in order to go back to France and strangle M. Fischer. His friend, Frederick de Marsan, used to pacify him by observing that it is always time enough to strangle a man, and that M. Fischer, rogue as he was, would be none the worse for the waiting.

Things were at this juncture when, towards the end of the year 1847, the 5th Hussars were ordered home. Great events were preparing in France. There were ugly symptoms of approaching troubles in Paris, and Henri de Chasselay's regiment was sent to keep order in that feather-brain capital, which never seems to be happy without its periodical revolutions. The young sub-Lieutenant returned with the Cross of the Legion of Honour on the breast of his coat. He had won it in a last skirmish, in which his luck had enabled him to take an Arab chief prisoner. Frederick de Marsan had not got the Cross, though he had more than once deserved it; and this piece of injustice revolted the Marquis, who had been at first for declining the honour which he saw was only awarded to him out of favouritism. But Lieutenant de Marsan dissuaded him from this rashness. "The laws of the War Office are as inalterable as those of the Medes," he said, good-naturedly. "My turn for the Cross will come by-and-by; but if you refused yours now and the reason were known, we should both of us be in disgrace ever after." In Paris all the drawing-rooms were thrown open to the hussar-Marquis. People were curious to see the eccentric nobleman who, after running through six million francs before his moustaches were grown, had quietly taken up the sword to rebuild his fortune, just like a knight of the middle ages. He looked very handsome in his laced jacket and flying pelisse, and, had he wished to marry, might have had his choice amongst the six or eight first heiresses in Paris. But Henri de Chasselay was as opposed as ever to the idea of catching a wife with his coronet. He had cast in his lot with his profession, and meant to keep to it. When he had nothing better to do he studied military works, and dreamed of becoming some day a general, in order that the last of the Chasselays might be remembered in history as a gallant soldier.

Amongst the houses where he most frequently visited was the mansion of one M. Sesostrius de Berniquon, a member of the Chamber of Deputies.

M. Sesostris was a staunch supporter of M. Guizot, and, like that talented statesman, was doing his very best to bring the dynasty he served to grief. In the debates of the French Parliament it was M. Sesostris de Berniquon who always roared loudest, "Order, order," when a member of the Opposition rose to criticize the Government. The vote of M. Sesostris might invariably be relied on for the voting of repressive measures. He bitterly detested the press—(journalists had a habit of laughing at his speeches)—and had it lain with him there would have been in the kingdom but one newspaper, carefully edited, under the supervision of the Ministry. Nevertheless, M. de Berniquon gave excellent parties and was a most jovial host. He had two daughters, who managed his house, smiled gaily at his ferocious political theories, and were altogether very amiable girls. The Marquis liked their society because they treated him as a friend without laying siege to him as a husband. He could always call on them and be sure of being kindly received without show of ceremony or affectation.

It was from the daughters of the Deputy that Henri de Chasselay learned one day that his ex-man of business, M. Fischer, had set up in Paris as a banker. M. Fischer and M. Sesostris were on friendly terms; it was even said that the former was alluring the latter into certain novel speculations, and that the firm of Fischer might some morning become that of Fischer, Berniquon and Co. Upon hearing this piece of intelligence, the Marquis, whose projects of revenge against his despoiler had by no means abated since his return to France, set off without a moment's delay to M. Fischer's new offices, his intention being to call the banker a scamp, to strike him in the face, and then to settle old scores with him in a duel. Fortunately for M. Fischer, he was out of town when the Marquis asked after him, and as his clerks were not able to say when he would be back, the young officer was obliged to content himself with the prospect of paying off his debt another time. On the following day, however, he went to the house of M. Berniquon for the purpose of warning him against having any further dealings with his dangerous associate. It was evident M. Sesostris could have heard nothing of the detestable character of M. Fischer, nor of the unprincipled transactions by which he had made his fortune out of the Marquis. Henri de Chasselay resolved to enlighten him to the full, in the hope that by constantly exposing the man who had helped to ruin him, he might save others from undergoing the same fate. This determination was a proof of the ingenuous ignorance of the young nobleman as to all that concerned the world of business and its habits. He naively thought that the honest M. Sesostris would be staggered with indignation at the account of M. Fischer's rascality, and thank him (the Marquis) with fervour for his timely warning. What would he have thought, as he ascended M. de Berniquon's staircase, had he been told that M. Fischer was well known in society to have come strangely by his wealth, but that this made not the slightest difference as to the cordiality with which he was received—nay, that the fact of his being a "shrewd



man of business and a knowing hand," offered an additional inducement for M. de Berniquon to become his partner ?

Henri de Chasselay entered the Deputy's drawing-room with the same gravely resolute air that Curtius must have worn when he fancied himself about to save Rome ; but he was prevented from giving vent to his communication by the simple circumstance that there was a visitor present—a lady whom M. de Berniquon introduced as Madame Turkheim, adding in a whispered "aside" that she was the widow of a stockbroker who had been killed by a fall from horseback six months only after his marriage. To the surprise of the Marquis the lady blushed deep red on hearing his name mentioned, and fixed her eyes so intently upon him, that he became disconcerted and changed colour too. Madame Turkheim was extremely beautiful. She had a sweet expressive face, large intelligent eyes, and a delicate complexion, admirably set off by the dark crape bonnet she was wearing. Hers was not an ordinary beauty. Over her features there was spread an air of melancholy which could be accounted for by her recent bereavement, but which deepened strangely as she looked at the Marquis, with an expression in which there was more than a common curiosity. Henri de Chasselay was accustomed to be stared at ; but he was not such a fop as to suppose that every pretty woman who glanced his way was setting her cap at him. It therefore occurred to him that perhaps he had met Madame Turkheim before, and that it was his forgetfulness of the fact that was causing her to blush. As he examined her face he fancied it was not unknown to him ; there were features in it which vaguely recalled somebody whom he could not bring to mind.

"Madame," he said politely, "I think we must have met already. I am sure this is not the first time I have had the pleasure of being introduced to you."

"Very likely you have met Madame Turkheim at her father's," remarked M. de Berniquon. "You know Madame's father, Marquis——."

"No," interrupted Madame Turkheim quickly, "Monsieur le Marquis has never seen me at my father's. I am afraid you are mistaken, Monsieur," she continued, with quiet dignity, addressing herself to the Marquis. "I do not think we have ever met before."

After this the subject was changed, and the conversation turned upon a variety of topics that put the purpose of Henri de Chasselay's visit completely out of his head. Madame Turkheim talked with singular grace and with a charm of voice that fascinated the hussar, and kept him silent and pensive as if under the influence of some exquisitely soft music. It seemed to him that he had never heard such a voice before nor seen such eyes, and he could not help wondering what sort of man the deceased stockbroker must have been to win so much grace and beauty.

M. de Berniquon did not leave him long in darkness as to this last

point, for in one of those confidential "asides" in which the stout talkative legislator was wont to indulge, he whispered: "Husband amazingly rich, but old enough to be her grandfather. Old fool to ride on horseback. All his property gone to her. Fine match, Marquis, fine match."

The hussar shrugged his shoulders and wished the babbling politician at Jerusalem. He felt sorry to learn that Madame Turkheim was rich; he would have been pleased to hear that she was poor or had only just enough to keep her small white hands from working for bread. Whence and wherefore came this regret and fancy, he took no pains to ask himself. He only knew that the sensation was one which had sprung up suddenly within him and grew in intensity the more he listened to and watched the young widow. As he rose to take his leave their eyes met. He made her a ceremonious bow; but he muttered to himself in leaving the house, "I am sure I've seen that face before." And this certainty seemed to perplex him, for he walked back home with his eyebrows knit, and looked neither to the right nor the left of him.

Had he been less engrossed he could not have failed to perceive that the streets of Paris were in an unusual state of commotion. It was the 22nd of February, and for some weeks past the political agitations occasioned by what were termed the "Reform Banquets" had been slowly developing into a universal feeling of disaffection which gave ominous presage of a coming storm. The Ministry backed by a large majority in the two houses, but by a very small minority in the country, had imprudently resisted the demand for Reform until all the bad blood in the kingdom had been roused, and all the malcontents had leagued together, ready for revolution at the first signal. On the 22nd February, 1848, matters had come to this pass, that the Ministers were equally afraid to remain in office or to resign. The streets were filled with excited groups of people who passed one another newspapers from hand to hand, and gesticulated fiercely according to the wont of Frenchmen, whilst exchanging opinions on the political crisis. In the cafés there were babels of voices shouting out the names Guizot and Thiers, Odillon-Barrot and Duchâtel in every chord of hope, disappointment, expectation, and anger. In banks, merchants' offices, and at the Bourse, it was being given out that the Ministers would resign that night. In open places and at street corners there were knots of men in blouses, men such as are only seen at insurrection time: silent, sullen, and doing nothing—but waiting.

Henri de Chasselay's regiment was quartered at the École Militaire near the Champ de Mars, an out-of-the-way district rather beyond the confines of civilized Paris. The loud rumours of the Boulevards only reach that part of the town in the form of faint echoes; and were it not for the goings to and fro of the soldiers and the rolling of drums, more frequent during revolutions than at other periods, a rebellion might be taking place in the centre of the capital without the inhabitants of the Quartier du Gros Caillou being much the wiser. The young officer was

able, therefore, to walk through the streets adjoining his quarters without being disturbed in his reflections by anything akin to the excitement reigning on the Boulevards. But once he set foot within the École Militaire there was a sudden change, and he was startled by a sight for which he was not prepared.

The whole garrison of the huge barracks which form the École Militaire, that is between five and six thousand men, were under arms. Cavalry and infantry, dragoons, hussars, carbineers, grenadiers, voltigeurs, chasseurs, gendarmes, artillerymen, were drawn up in companies and squadrons. Stacks of arms were piled in parallel rows down the whole length of the immense barrack-yards. Knapsacks were being hastily stocked with provisions of biscuit as in war-time: flasks were being filled with rations of wine. There were officers and sergeants going from man to man, examining the cartouche-boxes, to see that they contained the regulation sixty rounds of ball-cartridge. There was something vibrating and feverish in the atmosphere; something nervous and terrible in the preparations. The excitement was not of the enthusiastic kind which heralds a battle; but a grim silent emotion like that which precedes a carnage. In the centre of the chief yard two or three generals in undress uniform were talking gravely in low tones. Beside them a bugleman and twelve drummers, waiting to sound at the word of command.

Henri de Chasselay had been absent from barracks since morning: he knew nothing of what had been going on. An officer of his regiment passed him, hurrying towards the part of the building where the hussars were lodged.

"There's going to be fighting, Marquis," he cried. "I advise you to run and put on your uniform."

"Fighting!" echoed Chasselay in surprise, for he had been so much preoccupied by the vision of the young widow Turkheim that he could not at once grasp the reality of what he saw.

"Yes, fighting," laughed his comrade. "How scared you look. Haven't you heard that the 'Reds' are up in Paris? If you don't look sharp we shall be setting off without you."

Chasselay hastened to his lodgings to dress and arm himself. As he came down belted and spurred, he met Frederick de Marsan, whose horse was standing ready saddled and equipped in the street.

"This is poor work," said the lieutenant mournfully. "It's not like killing Arabs: we shall be fighting against our own countrymen." And he mounted his charger with very little alacrity, like a man who has no heart in his task.

That night the two friends remained bivouacked with their regiment in the Champ de Mars, awaiting the signal which never came. The Government, like many other governments before and since, thought that nothing serious was the matter, and that if things came to their worst, order would soon be restored by sweeping the streets with a few troops of cavalry. Only, as the Government were a prudent Government, they

deemed it best to defer the ceremony of sweeping until the necessity for it had become obvious. In other words, they were of opinion that it was wiser to let the powder-magazine catch fire before coming down upon it with the engines.

It was not until the evening of the 23rd that the bugles sounded to horse and that the hussars, tired and sulky with their vigil, were despatched with other regiments of cavalry to do their best against the conflagration, which had burst out at last, and was raging then with no mistake. Paris was in arms. The streets were strangely altered in look since the day before. In the cold February air the distant cracking of rifles sounded clear and sharp; and as the evening advanced the sky became covered with a lurid glow which told of houses on fire in the quarters of the town where the fight was raging most hotly. The walls were papered with placards announcing that the Ministry had resigned, and that a "Liberal" Cabinet had been formed; but the people cared little for that now. The insurrection, like a great tidal wave, was rolling slowly through Paris in the direction of the Tuileries, and the hussars, after scouring through a score of streets, where the horses stumbled over paving-stones torn up, and here and there dead workmen shot down by the infantry, found themselves driven back towards the palace, where they prepared to make a last stand in defence of the King. Henri de Chasselay forgot all about the widow Turkheim, the banker Fischer, and everybody else, in the excitement of that night, during which the stake of a crown was being played and lost. He chafed at not being in the infantry, where he could have come hand to hand with the rebels; for the cavalry is not able to do much in civil wars, where barricades have to be faced, and there are only narrow thoroughfares in which to manœuvre. The young officer remained all the night in his saddle listening to the firing and the revolutionary shouts, drawing each moment nearer and nearer. The insurrection was gaining ground, the soldiers were being repulsed; some regiments had laid down their arms, refusing "to fight against their brothers." As morning dawned the first columns of rebels excited, powder-stained, and triumphant, debouched, near the Palais Royal, and the fighting between them and the royal troops commenced in fierce earnest. It continued during half the day as bloody and murderous as ever fight was, each side losing during that unhappy struggle brave men enough to fill a graveyard. But towards noon the news was spread amongst the soldiers that the King had fled some hours since, and when these tidings were ascertained to be true the officers sheathed their swords. They had done their duty; they were not fighting for pleasure or for glory; the King gone, their task was at an end. They stood aside to let the Revolution pass, and it swept by them into the palace, flushed, exulting and victorious. The throne was overturned. When Henri de Chasselay dismounted he was no longer a Marquis nor a King's officer, but plain Henri Beuvron, a soldier of the Republic.

One of the first things the ex-Marquis did on the morning of the 25th,

after he had sufficiently rested from the fatigues of the two preceding days, was to go and call upon the different friends he had in Paris, to see if any of them had suffered from the immense catastrophe that had taken place. Of course, his own relatives, who had held high posts under Government, were groaning with despair and indignant. Some of them shook their fists at him, and bitterly upbraided the army to which he belonged for not having protected them better. Henri felt sorry for them ; but, as the safety of the crown had not depended upon him, he scarcely thought their reproaches just. He went afterwards to look up less exalted friends, and amongst them the Deputy Berniquon, whom he rather expected to find disconsolate too. But Monsieur Sesostris was one of those gentlemen who always contrive to fall upon their legs. On the eve of the Revolution he had been a Conservative and a fervid Royalist ; on the morrow of it he was a steadfast Republican, a partisan of the people's rights, and insisted that Henri should call him Citizen. The young officer could hardly help smiling when the worthy politician assured him, in confidence, that he had always been a Liberal at heart, and had considered Republicanism the only form of government compatible with modern progress.

But Henri had another intention in calling upon Monsieur Berniquon besides that of inquiring how the Deputy bore the misfortunes of the dynasty he had served. The sweet face of the young widow Turkheim, which had left such a deep impression upon the hussar's fancy, though only seen during a short hour, rose up before him again as soon as the fighting was over, and filled him with many sensations altogether new to a man who professed such stoicism in love-affairs as he did. He caught himself turning pale at the thought that anything should have happened to the widow during the insurrection, and though he tried to give his voice a careless tone in asking of M. Berniquon's daughters whether they had any news of their friend, yet, had the young ladies taken the pains to examine his eyes, they might have detected by the look in them that he attached greater importance to his question than he cared to show. The young ladies had seen nothing of Madame Turkheim since the 22nd ; but they had been so much upset themselves by the riot and firing (there had been a barricade erected in a street adjoining theirs), that they supposed it very natural that poor Hélène, as they called her, should have suffered from the same terrors as they.

"It would be very good of you to call and see how she is, Monsieur le Marquis," said the two girls together. They gave the hussar his title, for young ladies are seldom very fervent Republicans.

"Yes," echoed Monsieur Sesostris. "It would be a kindness. But I've no fears for Madame Turkheim's money—it is as safe as the Bank of France. I don't know about her father's, though ; he's a clever dog, a precious clever dog, as I believe you know, Citizen ; but events like these knock the finest speculations into shivers. Gad ! how glad I am we had concluded no business together."

The hussar did not wait to be told twice to go on his mission of civility. Having obtained the address of Madame Hélène Turkheim, who lived in the Rue St. Honoré, he set off without losing a moment, and hurried through the streets as he had probably never hurried in his life before. The Deputy's allusions to the widow's father had struck him as being a little singular, for he did not so much as know the name of Madame Turkheim's father. But he had been too impatient to ask questions. M. Sesostris was a chatterbox, and would have been just the man to treat him to the whole pedigree and history of the widow's ancestors had he simply inquired who was her father. Henri Beuvron resolved to clear up this point on another occasion. Meanwhile, he gave his mind to the problem of what he should say to the widow and what artifices he should employ to make his visit something more than a cold conventional call.

Madame Turkheim's house was not one of those that are let out in flats, but a small private house occupied, English fashion, by the widow and her servants alone. The hussar knocked at the door, and was answered by a scared-looking footman, who had evidently taken no part in the fighting, though a good deal of it had been carried on in the Rue St. Honoré, and perhaps under his very bedroom-windows. He turned blue and white by turns at the sight of the dark cloak which concealed the officer's uniform, and only recovered from his emotion on perceiving that the hussar wore the cross of the Legion of Honour. This circumstance reassured him as to the visitor's political opinions; it was the experience of the footman that men who wore red ribands at their button-holes were never "Reds" in politics.

"Madame is at home, sir," said he, with respect; "but I do not know whether she is well enough to receive visits. These revolutions," he added, groaning, "are enough to drive honest people out of their senses. I hope you bring tidings, sir, that the town is quiet. We have not dared to stir out for the life of us. Oh, those radical brigands! What name shall I take up, sir?"

"Tell Madame Turkheim I am sent by her friends, the Miss Berniquons, to ask news of her health." The officer was about to give one of his cards with "Marquis de Chasselay" on it, but he checked himself in time, and said, "My name is Lieutenant Beuvron."

The footman returned in a few minutes, and requested the hussar to follow him. Henri was conducted up a warmly-carpeted staircase, and through a handsome suite of apartments, to a boudoir, where the young widow, dressed in black velvet and looking a little paler than usual, was working at some tapestry. She appeared curious to see who her unknown visitor could be; but on recognizing the Marquis, the same expression passed over her face as Henri had noticed there with so much astonishment on their first meeting. It was an expression in which alarm and sadness seemed to have an equal part. A stranger might have thought that the widow had once offended the Marquis and was afraid to meet him, so timid and constrained was her manner in his presence.



She rose as he entered.

"I had not guessed it was you, Monsieur le Marquis," she said, nervously. "My servant made a mistake; he announced another name."

"There has been no mistake, Madame," answered the hussar, making her a low bow. "The last few days have acted by me as they have by many others; they have a little modified my position. Let me hope that the Revolution has been more forbearing towards you, that it has left you no cause for anxiety or regrets."

The young widow sat down again.

"The Revolution was powerless either to benefit or hurt me," she said, in a resigned tone. "But you, sir,"—and here she looked with earnest intentness at her visitor,—"you must have been a great sufferer by this calamity."

"Why so, Madame? The Revolution could take from me no more than I had to give. All I possessed was my name; my own follies and the kind assistance of friends disburdened me of my fortune long ago."

The tone of slight sarcasm in which the young officer talked of the kind assistance of his friends appeared to trouble the widow. She replied painfully, as if wincing under his words:—

"If you have been ruined by your friends you must feel very bitterly against them, Monsieur?"

"I feel resentfully, Madame; because the men—or rather the man—who did most to ruin me was one whom I trusted. I bear no ill-will against the professional swindlers and sharpers who helped me to squander my fortune, for in cheating me they were only following their calling. But what sentiments can I entertain towards the man who abused the confidence of a foolish, inexperienced boy, and despoiled one whom it should have been his honest duty to protect? There can be nothing but disgust and anger for natures base enough to betray a trust."

"Then if you could you would take revenge on your—your despoiler?"

"I should not call it revenge to punish a man who is living impudently on the proceeds of a robbery;—I have a right to prevent him from deceiving others as he has deceived me."

"But what if,"—and speaking these words the voice of the widow quavered audibly:—"but what if Providence were to take the task of avenging off your hands?"

"How could Providence do that, Madame?"

"Supposing the man who ruined you should have been ruined himself by some catastrophe—by this Revolution, for instance?"

There was something beseeching in this appeal.

The Marquis and the widow had both risen. He was looking at her, strangely moved; she turned her face with a woeful expression towards him, and then clasped her hands imploringly:—

"Monsieur de Chasselay," she faltered, "I have heard of you as an

honourable and generous-hearted man. But, say, do you not think it is the greatest generosity of all to forgive those who have injured us ? ”

He fixed his eyes on her a moment—it was but a single instant—and, walking towards her, raised one of her hands respectfully to his lips.

“Madame,” he said, gravely, “should my worst enemy ever fall into my power, I will forgive him for your sake.”

And without a word more, he went out from her presence.

Impulse drove Henri de Chasselay at once, upon leaving the widow's house, to go to the street where stood the offices of the banker, Fischer. It was not far from the Rue St. Honoré, and the distance was cleared in five minutes. When the Marquis arrived, he saw a crowd of people on the pavement in front of the house, but the banking-offices were closed. On the door was a paper announcing that payments had been suspended that morning.

Around him Henri de Chasselay heard groans of anger and consternation. A man in the crowd was saying, “This Fischer, who was deemed so clever, has been caught unprepared, like the rest. He is entirely ruined.”

### III.

Some ten weeks after the events just recorded, Henri de Chasselay and his regiment were at Versailles. All the troops had been sent out of Paris after the Revolution, in order that their presence might not irritate the populace ; and the Hussars, amongst others, had been quartered successively at Vincennes, St. Germain, and St. Cloud, places near to Paris, whence they could bear down at any moment on the capital in case their services were needed. The soldiers were not in particularly good humour at being moved about from garrison to garrison, and kept perpetually on the *qui vive*. The officers, especially, were impatient with the new state of things, and openly spoke their contempt for the well-intentioned but vacillating Government which was not firm enough to maintain order in the capital, but allowed riots to break out once, on an average, every fortnight. At Versailles there was a garrison of very nearly ten thousand men. The streets seemed peopled with soldiers ; swords and spurs clanked all day on the pavements ; and in the cafes, where officers killed some twelve hours out of the twenty-four smoking idly and playing cards, there were so many sabres, military cloaks, and sabretaches hung on the hat-pegs that a civilian on the look-out for refreshments would have fancied himself stumbled each moment into a guard-room.

Henri de Chasselay took no great part in the bellicose conversations with which his brother officers beguiled the weariness of their garrison hours. A change had come over him since the Revolution. Light-hearted in appearance, and unconcerned as ever in the society of his comrades, he was pensive and in low spirits when alone. His friend, Frederick Marsan, had found him once or twice walking by himself and smoking listlessly in desolate alleys of the Park of Versailles, where no

one but a person in a very melancholy mood would have thought of going for enjoyment. At first the Lieutenant felt inclined to suppose that the Revolution, which had driven all Henri's high connections out of their places, and materially altered the young nobleman's prospects of advancement, had something to do with his depression. But this idea was dispelled by Henri himself. He had never wished to depend on his friends for promotion; and, though in politics he was a Royalist, like most Hussar officers, he was not the man to mourn very long over a king who had been unable to keep himself on the throne.

It was the thought of *Hélène Turkheim* which was filling the mind of *Henri de Chasselay*, and making him unhappy. He loved the woman with a quiet depth of affection which surprised him when he came to think of it. He knew it was unreasonable, foolish even, to feel such a passion for a person whom he had seen but twice in his life, and whom he, moreover, guessed to be the daughter of the dishonest, unworthy scoundrel who had done most to strip him of his fortune. But reason has never been of much weight in love-affairs, and, argue with himself as he would, *Henri* always came back to the same point. *Hélène Turkheim* had fascinated him at first sight, and he loved her as he had never loved before. He was conscious, however, that *Hélène* could never be his wife, and he looked this certainty firmly, though sadly, in the face, as a thing that could by no possibility be set aside. In matters of honour *Henri de Chasselay* admitted no compromise. *Hélène Turkheim* was separated from him by a gulf of money. It was not only the extent of her wealth, but the source of it, which repelled him. The widow's fortune was due to an interested, loveless marriage with a man old enough to be her grandfather; *Henri's* delicacy revolted at the idea of this mercenary match, and to have touched a penny of the stockbroker's money would have seemed to him like soiling his hands. Besides, though *Henri* needed but to recall the sweet, gentle face of the young widow, to feel sure that she had never been an abettor in her father's rogueries, but in her heart deplored and abominated them, yet *Hélène* was none the less the daughter of a man with whom a connection of any sort now appeared to *Henri* as something monstrous and dishonouring. Children must always, more or less, bear the responsibility of their parents' faults, even in the eyes of very kind-hearted men. *Henri* could love *Hélène* with the devotion of his whole heart and soul; he would have laid down his life for her; but dishonesty was a thing that terrified him, and he felt he could never reconcile himself to becoming the son-in-law of a swindler.

He told nothing of his passion to *Frederick de Marsan*, but suffered from it in secret, hoping that, some day or other, time might assuage his pain, and make him look back upon the present as upon a mournful dream.

The officers stationed in the garrison towns near Paris were forbidden to go to the capital except on special leave, which was granted under

very urgent circumstances. The army were not popular with the Republicans, and it was feared that the officers, even if out of uniform, might fall to quarrelling with their detractors, and bring themselves, as well as the whole service, into disrepute. At the railway-station, and on the two principal roads leading from Versailles to Paris, a strict guard was set to see that none of the officers gave slip to the rules, and Henri, who had once or twice tried to pass by in plain clothes, had been each time recognized, and good-humouredly told to go back. One day, however, by disguising himself as a countryman, and making his way across fields, he had managed to elude the sentries, and to reach a spot where a market-gardener had promised to wait for him with his vegetable-cart, and take him to Paris. The times were so troublous, anarchy so rampant, and risings so frequent in the capital, that the young officer was tormented with apprehensions lest anything should befall Hélène Turkheim. His purpose was not to see her, but merely to ascertain that she was safe and well protected. He got down when once inside the gates of the city, and walked with rapid strides towards the Rue St. Honoré. Paris struck him as being a wilderness as compared with the gay city he had known it but a short while since. Half the shops and two-thirds of the private houses were shut. He saw nothing but shutters closed and doors bolted. There were no carriages in the streets, for a man ill-advised enough to venture out in a brougham would have been pelted—he, his coachman, and his horses. Black coats and hats were the exception; most men sported the democratic blouse and the majority of women wore caps, not bonnets. On his way across one of the boulevards, Henri de Chasselay met a long procession of workmen, workwomen, boys and girls, who were going to the Chamber of Deputies to present a petition in favour of a reduction in the taxes, and unrestrained liberty of the press. The procession was headed by a few representatives, foremost among whom, and brandishing a great flag, Henri remarked his old friend, M. Sesostri Berniquon, who appeared to have given his whole heart to the new *régime*, just as he had given it before to Louis Philippe, and before that to Charles X.

Henri de Chasselay hurried on, passed the Palais Royal and the Tuileries, where broken panes and riddled window-frames still attested the late sacking by the mob, and a few minutes later found himself at the door of the widow Turkheim's house in the Rue St. Honoré. After a moment's hesitation he knocked. No answer. He knocked a second time, and a woman who kept a shop opposite then called to him across the street, and asked him what he wanted: "Madame Turkheim has been gone some weeks, and you've only to look at the bills above you," she said. The officer looked up as told, and saw placards announcing the sale of all the effects of the "Widow Turkheim." The sale had taken place within a month of the Revolution. The widow had sold everything she had—houses, lands, furniture, plate, jewellery even, and had gone away no one knew where. Henri, whose heart beat, inquired of the shopwoman whether Madame Turkheim had been ruined. "No,"

answered she, carelessly, "*she* wasn't ruined, but her father was, and I believe she's taken into her head to pay all his debts. I can't but say it's honest," added the woman, with a shrug of the shoulders; "but her money was her own, and I don't see what call there was to throw it all away like that."

Henri had nothing more to learn, and he returned to Versailles. That evening he was sitting in a café, much graver and more pre-occupied than ever his brother officers remembered to have seen him. Frederick de Marsan was at the same table as himself, and, after some ineffectual attempts to rouse his friend into conversation, took up a paper and began to read aloud for the entertainment of the company. There were the usual articles on politics and the legislative debates, to which the officers listened without much interest. Frederick Marsan skipped a good deal, threw only a glance at the monetary and foreign intelligence, and turned at last to the column of miscellaneous intelligence. He had not read above a few lines, however, when he exclaimed suddenly, "Hallo, what's this? Here's something about your old steward, Henri." And in a tone of surprise he read the following paragraph:—

"It will be remembered that amongst the financial firms ruined by the recent Revolution was the newly-established banking-house of 'Fischer, Son, and Co.,' whose liabilities were estimated at four million francs. We have great satisfaction in recording, and it will certainly be a great pleasure to the customers of that house to learn, that Madame H—— T——, the daughter of M. Fischer, and widow of the celebrated stockbroker T——, has surrendered four million francs of her own private fortune into the hands of the assignees, in order to pay off the whole of the debts on her father's estate. We understand that Madame T—— still has a fortune of two million francs left; but this circumstance does not detract from the generosity and sterling honesty of the act which it has been our pleasing duty to notice."

There was a silence when Frederick Marsan had done reading this. The lieutenant had folded the paper, and seeing that his friend rose to go out, took up his cloak and sword, and accompanied him. The two walked together to the lodgings of Henri. Neither said anything, but they were both apparently musing over the same thoughts, for when Frederick de Marsan threw himself down on the sofa in Henri's room, he said reflectively,—

"Do you know, Henri, if Fischer had succeeded in making you marry his daughter, I don't think he would have done you such a hopelessly bad service as I had supposed. The girl—or the woman rather—seems more honest than he."

Henri made no answer. He had caught sight of a letter in an official-looking blue envelope lying on his table. He broke the seal, read a line or two, and turned very pale. Then, without a word, he handed the letter to his friend, and went and shut himself up in his room.

This was the letter:—

\* "Durand and Bescherelle, Solicitors.

"Rue de Rivoli, Paris.

"SIR,—We have the honour to inform you that a sum of two million francs has been deposited in our hands by a person, who has requested that the sum should be remitted to you anonymously. We have been instructed, however, that you will understand on whose behalf the money has been paid when we tell you that the two million francs are given as a restitution.

"Awaiting your orders,

"We have the honour to remain, &c.,

"DURAND AND BESCHERELLE."

\* \* \* \* \*

It was the 21st of June, 1848, when Henri de Chasselay received the letter from the Paris solicitors, and three days afterwards he and his regiment were summoned in haste to the capital to repress that frightful insurrection which raged during the whole of the 24th, 25th, and 26th, and is remembered in the annals of revolutionary France as one of the most bloody and useless risings ever attempted. No one yet knows why the workmen of Paris rose and tried to overthrow the Government which they had but a few weeks before themselves set up; but they fought with desperation against the troops and the National Guard. It was not a battle that was carried on in the streets, but a butchery. The rebels and the soldiers fought in the narrow thoroughfares, amidst crumbling masses of wood and stone, and over heaps of dead bodies of women and children, who had fled distractedly out of their houses, and fallen betwixt the two fires. Henri de Chasselay was at the hottest of the work, and during forty-eight hours did not once sheath his sword. At a pause in the fight, whilst a parliamentarian had been sent with a flag of truce to the rebels, and hostilities had been suspended for three hours, in the hopes that an arrangement would be arrived at, he contrived to slip away, and hurried off at full gallop to a hospital a few streets distant from the place where the fighting was going on. The entrance was blocked up by soldiers carrying wounded men on stretchers, and the passages of the building were filled with women who had come to offer their services to tend the suffering. Henri dismounted, elbowed his way through the crowd, and asked hastily to see the Director. His uniform procured him admission without much delay. When he was in the presence of the Director, he drew a paper parcel from his sabretache, and laid it on the table.

"The enclosed is for the relief of the sick in all the hospitals of Paris," he said. Then, seeing the Director about to open the parcel, he added, colouring, "No; wait till I'm gone. You can open it in an hour's time;" and upon this ran out, mounted his horse, and rode back at full gallop to the scene of the fighting.

In less than an hour's time the Director, who was standing in the entrance-hall, saw the crowd make way for four soldiers who were carrying



in an officer in hussar uniform. A young woman dressed in black had entered a few minutes before and had applied for permission to tend some of the wounded. "There," said the Director, "you can be of service at once, Madame: we have not too many nurses, and here is another officer wounded." He pointed to the hussar, who was not unconscious, though he was bleeding profusely from a wound in the chest. "God bless my soul!" he added, immediately, "it's the same who came here an hour ago and left the parcel." He stooped down to look at the officer, whose eyes were fixed with an expression of strange and yearning tenderness on the young woman in black. She had clasped her hand to her heart and was leaning against the wall for support.

"Dear me, Madame, do you know that young officer?" asked the Director.

"Yes," she faltered, "it's the Marquis de Chasselay."

When the Director opened his parcel an hour or two later, after having seen the wounded officer put to bed and left in the care of the volunteer nurse, he found it contained two million francs.

\* \* \* \*

And the hussar officer, did he die?

No; he was tended night and day with the most anxious care, and recovered. Two months after his restoration to health he was married.

And the young woman in black, who had been so kind to the wounded officer, did she die? No; she was tended night and day with the most anxious care, and recovered. Two months after her restoration to health she was married.

And the hussar officer, did he die? No; he was tended night and day with the most anxious care, and recovered. Two months after his restoration to health he was married.

## Some Recollections of a Reader.

(CONCLUSION.)

WHAT shams our lives often are, as they are seen by others ! I do not mean that they are wilful hypocrisies, but that there is an outer crust of circumstance often enveloping the real inner man, that is taken for the man himself. There are many, I doubt not, whose literary tendencies, or "proclivities," according to the cant of the day, are wholly misunderstood by their friends—of whom it would be said that their favourite, nay, their exclusive, reading consists of History and Politics, State Papers and Blue Books, all of the ponderous dry-as-dust kind, whilst in reality their souls are wedded to Poetry and Romance, and those seemingly hard eyes and stern features are often moist with the tears and mobile with the emotions of imaginative sympathy. The schoolboy who sits at his desk with *David Copperfield* or the *Idylls of the King* underneath his Latin Dictionary or his *Euclid*, is but a type of the larger world of manhood. Our genuine literary pursuits are those which we indulge *sub rosa* ; which absorb us in the solitude of our own studies when no one is looking on, or with which only a few cherished associates, within or without the domestic circle, are acquainted. Even a man's books—I mean the books which he has written and published—are no indications of the true literary blood in his veins. But circumstances are, in most instances, stronger than inclination. It is seldom permitted to us to write the books which we would wish to write, any more than it is permitted to us to go to the places to which we would wish to go. I would fain write poetry and romance in Italy, but circumstances have compelled me to devote myself to history and politics—to facts, not to fiction—in the foggy atmosphere of London. And my case is, I doubt not, the case of hundreds. So it is, I say, that people see only the crustaceous part of us. The muscles and the nerves and the heart's blood lie beneath this hard rough integument, as the may-fly in the caddice ; and often even our best friends do not know that they are there.

I have written this, because I have been thinking lately how very little these "recollections" accord with my outer life. I greatly surprised a friend who was dining with me, a few years ago, just before leaving England, to take up a high judicial appointment in a distant settlement, by reciting long passages from *Paracelsus*, and out-quoting one who thought himself master of the situation. I was, in my turn, surprised that a man, learned in the law, with the dust of the Inns of Court upon him, should have been so enthusiastic in his love of the most poetic of poets, and shown himself better read in Browning than in Blackstone or

Coke. But so we misjudge one another. One, apparently, of the most prosaic unemotional men whom I have known in the course of my life, told me that he never went to the play, which I readily believed and accounted for in accordance with my theory of the character of the man; but when he told me that the reason why he abstained from being present at theatrical performances was that he "always made a fool of himself," as he could not keep the tears of sympathetic sorrow or joy out of his eyes, I could only resolve that I would never pretend to any knowledge of human character again.\* I remember, too, to have been told by one whose ties of kindred forbade all doubt as to his accuracy, that he who, perhaps, at that time was the most honoured of our evangelical English bishops, had confessed to having sate up far into the small hours reading *Oliver Twist*. Among the most cherished of my reminiscences are some in which the comely person of that good bishop is blended with the sparer, more delicate figure of his archiepiscopal brother in the pleasant home at Lambeth, and the much delightful talk that there was, more literary than theological by far.

There is a story in *Butler's Reminiscences*—a book very much read thirty or forty years ago—of a small party of gentlemen, mostly, I believe, of the writer's profession, otherwise lawyers, but all with strongly-developed literary tastes, among whom it was determined after dinner that each should write down on a slip of paper the names of the (I think) *five* books the perusal of which had given them severally the most pleasure. The lists given in were generally, as might be expected, most diversified; but there was the name of one book in them all. That one book was *Gil Blas*. I should like to see this experiment tried again, now that the literature of the world has been enriched by so many glorious additions. I am not sure that, if I were one of the party, I should not set down in my list the very book in which this story is told. It is full of anecdotes of the days of Pitt and Fox and Thurlow, told by the learned and accomplished Roman Catholic barrister, with rare force of expression. Many of us greybeards have been posted up, since the days of our youth, in the anecdotage of the third Georgian reign and the Regency, from our boyish studies of Charles Butler's book. But, what I was about to say was, that the lists of any dozen or so of well-known men of the present generation—

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\* Another instance of the strange difference between the outer and the inner man, and our utter misconception of realities of character and disposition, presents itself painfully to my memory. The most cheery and seemingly light-hearted man whose friendship I have ever enjoyed, whom I never saw out of health or out of spirits, who had apparently everything that could contribute to happiness, cut his throat one day in his bedroom. I had dined with him a very little time before in the Temple, where he gave the best of little dinners in the pleasantest of chambers; and I am sure that there was not one present who would not have predicted that he would outlive the whole of his guests. It was proved on the inquest that his financial affairs were in excellent condition; and up to this time I know nothing more of the melancholy affair than that I lost a cherished friend by the mysterious gash of a razor in his own hand.

statesmen, lawyers, ecclesiastics, soldiers, authors, &c.—when read out to the assembled party, would contain many surprises, many revelations of the inner characters of the men wholly unsuspected by the world, perhaps even by their best friends. Would *Gil Blas* still preserve the proud pre-eminence which it thus gained half-a-century ago? \*

The garrulity of age is always digressional, and these are digressions. I was writing of Browning's *Paracelsus*, the name of which would assuredly go into the hat on my voting-paper. But with all my admiration of this great work of genius, I confess that *Sordello* was too much for me. I looked forward to its appearance with eagerness and purchased it with avidity. Of course I was disappointed. Who was not? But my faith abided all the same. It was only as though the Prophet had spoken in some strange tongue. I waited; and in due course, thousands of miles away from home, I found myself the happy possessor of a thin double-columned pamphlet, with a cream-coloured cover, on which was printed *Bells and Pomegranates*, with the name of Robert Browning attached. I didn't trouble myself much about the meaning of the title, nor have I troubled myself since. There was a second title, *Pippa Passes*, which was equally obscure at first; but it soon told its own story. And what a story it is—or rather, what a sheaf of stories! It quite settled the question as to whether Robert Browning was a great dramatic poet; not a playwright, but a dramatic poet. *Stratford* had been written and acted before this; but the question was still an open one, when that magnificent scene in the garden-house, between Sebald and Ottima—the very concentrated essence of Tragedy, than which there is nothing more terrible in any Greek drama extant—settled the question for ever. But such a scene would be no more fit for theatrical representation in these days than the *Agamemnon*. I have always thought, too, that the talk of the poor girls on the door-steps—especially of the little half-corrupted castaway, whose life was so much worse than herself—is, in quiet homely pathos, scarcely to be excelled. Some may call it a blot, and wish it away; for it treats of a forbidden subject—an illustration of the lives of those whom Mrs. Browning, not more timorously reserved than her husband, calls

The forty thousand women with one smile,  
Who only smile at night beneath the gas.

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\* I account for the absence of Shakspeare's Plays from the numerical list by the fact, already noticed, that very few people in the maturity of their critical powers address themselves comprehensively to the study of Shakspeare for the first time. They have grown gradually into familiarity with these wonderful works, as they have with the inspired writings. It was said, I think by Hazlitt, that there are only three books "worth looking into for a quotation"—the Old Testament, Shakspeare's Plays, and Wordsworth's Excursion. The study of the last of these books, in the original large-margined quarto, was one of the literary events of my life, on which I should dwell, if space permitted. Indeed, I feel that I am guilty of no small amount of ingratitude in saying so little about the large space which the study of Wordsworth occupied in the recollections of my literary life, and the substantial benefit which I derived from that study. It taught me a more cheerful philosophy than I had ever entertained before.

True, the scene is Italian, and so are some of its accessories, but the sentiment is universal, and the study of such a passage might do more than "midnight meetings" and the like, to awaken sympathy and send people to the "rescue." The yearnings after the old, pure life, could not have been more touchingly or more truthfully expressed than in this pathetic passage:—

1st Girl. Spring's come and summer's coming. I would wear  
A long loose gown, down to the feet and hands,  
With plaits here, close about the throat, all day;  
And all night lie, the cool long nights, in bed;  
And have new milk to drink, apples to eat,  
Deuzans and junetings, leather-coats. . . ah, I should say,  
This is away in the fields—miles!

3rd Girl. Say at once  
You'd be at home: she'd always be at home!  
Now comes the story of the farm among  
The cherry orchards, and how April snowed  
White blossoms on her as she ran. Why, fool,  
They've rubbed the chalk-mark out, how tall you were,  
Twisted your starling's neck, broken his cage,  
Made a dunghill of your garden!

1st Girl. They, destroy  
My garden since I left them? well—perhaps!  
I would have done so: so I hope they have. . .

3rd Girl. How her mouth twitches!

I read this *Pippa Passes*, and others of the series that followed, as *Colombe's Birthday*, the *Blot in the 'Scutcheon*, &c., in a strange land, with little external excitement to break in upon the abstraction which is so necessary to the full enjoyment of such studies. "The world is too much with us," at times, for such enjoyment. The poet, perhaps, has no such devotees as those who pore over his inspired pages in the solitude of far-off lands, where books are scarce and familiar faces are still scarcer. In busy cities, where the great battle with time is being incessantly waged, men are wont to put aside delights of this kind for days of leisure, which never come. I have not yet read the *Ring and the Book*; I am waiting for a fitting opportunity, when the world may not be "too much with me." Perhaps it will never come. Be it so! "But, come what may, I have been blessed" with many happy opportunities, and I am still blessed with the precious memories of those past delights. I remember reading *Bailey's Festus*, for the first time, thirty years ago, when on main-guard in an Indian military station, and now, as I open the volume, I find in it a slip of paper containing the official communication of the parole of the day—"Station Orders.—Parole, *Cawnpore*. Assistant-Adjutant-General's Office, —. 6th September, 1840." And there the record has lain for nearly the third part of a century. How vividly the slip of paper brings back the day and the book, as it were but yesterday. But how different the associations of that word *Cawnpore*! I wonder whether it is still one of the orthodox replies to the challenge on the "grand rounds," to "halt,

and give the word." What a ghastly, sepulchral sound it must have in the dead of the night! That little slip of China paper has revived hosts of recollections, on which I could dwell for hours. There it lies facing the page (280—original edition—1839), with the ghastly heading—"Scene : Hell." I have a vague notion that the blasphemous sublimity of this scene caused me to shut up the book. I can, somewhat hazily, recollect that when I came to the words—

So let the burning health go round,  
A health to hell !

I bethought me of a grim reality which, a little time before, had made a deep impression on my mind. There was a drinking-song known in that country, the refrain or chorus of which was the toast—

Here's a health to the dead already,  
And hurrah ! for the next who dies !

It was written at a time when war and pestilence were reaping rich harvests of death. I am glad that I do not know the name of the writer. I had forgotten its existence, when, some ten years after it was written, I was proceeding by sea to an unhealthy coast-station, in the company of two young ensigns, and upwards of fifty native convicts, mostly murderers, without a guard. As we neared the station, one afternoon, one of these young ensigns, still ruddy with English health, sate at the cuddy-table with me : we were both writing letters, to be despatched immediately on landing. Presently he broke the silence by saying, "Do you know this song?" He had come by accident upon it in his writing-desk, whilst searching for an English letter. He read it out from beginning to end with great gusto, almost singing the concluding lines of each verse, given above, and finishing by asking me if it was not fine. Three or four days afterwards, he was dead. He was literally the "next who died" among the officers of the great army to which he belonged. On the morning after we landed, he and I, and an officer who had been for some time at the station, went out for a ride. We approached too closely some jungly marshes and thickets of mangrove-trees, and carried home with us the seeds of the deadly fever of the country. The fresh young ensign and the more seasoned captain were smitten down that evening. The former died ere the third day was out. The latter barely struggled through *his* fever; and mine, which broke out some weeks afterwards, wrecked, but did not quite sink me. But the chorus of that ghastly song, as chaunted out by poor young R——, haunted me long afterwards: and the "health to hell," in that grand scene of *Festus*, brought it back to my memory. It is quite as vivid now after the lapse of all these years. I see the cuddy of the brig *Krishna*, as clearly as I see the guard-room at —, with its ink-stained table, its crazy chairs, its decrepit bed, and the brass keys of the treasure-chest in my belt. And I have been reading whole pages of *Festus* with as much emotion as when the book came fresh into my hands a few months after its first anonymous publication. We grey-



beards flatter ourselves at times, that we are much changed, that years have "brought the philosophic mind," that we are calm and unemotional and can read anything unmoved; but when we begin to try it, we find that we are greater fools than ever.

I have a notion that no one who leads a very settled life—who does not find himself in strange places and in strange situations, can thoroughly appreciate the blessings of books. A stay-at-home Englishman reads a great deal in the course of the day. He reads at breakfast, he reads in the railway-train going to London and back; he reads at odd times in business hours, and, during holidays at the sea-side, he lounges or sleeps over the literature that suits him best; or, perhaps, in country-houses on rainy days, he makes serious inroads into a new volume of history or biography. But, generally speaking, especially in stirring times, the studies of John Bull are very much confined to the newspapers. Thoroughly to enjoy a good book, I am inclined to think that we must be out of the way of newspapers and periodicals, and, I might almost add, out of the way of familiar society. I remember to have read in one of Hazlitt's essays, and I think elsewhere, some remarks on the delight of stumbling, in a country inn, when weather-bound, on some stray volumes of readable literature, such as an odd volume of *Clarissa Harlowe*, or a well-thumbed copy of the *Pilgrim's Progress* or the *Book of Martyrs*. There are few who have not experienced the same sort of pleasure. But nowhere, perhaps, is the delight greater than on board ship. I have already made some reference to this; but I would speak now of later experiences. Nowhere are we more cut off from all the concerns of the outer world. Great wars may be waged, the destinies of empire may be changed, sovereigns may die, dynasties may expire, and yet we may know nothing about them. In the old times, before the days of steam and the electric telegraph, a resident in India might be nine or ten months in the rear with respect to his knowledge of events in Europe. He was four or five months behindhand when he started, and four or five months on his way home; and if he did not chance to meet an outward-bound ship on his way, with facilities of boarding her, he learnt nothing until his arrival in the Channel. It was a glorious state of existence. What did it matter to us, in those days, what party was in power, what nations were at strife? We ate our breakfasts with a keener appetite than if *The Times* and *Telegraph* had been on the table. We got through Saturday without the Review of that name. The name of a new month was entered in the Log, and we survived without the monthly magazines. But it generally happened that there were a few good books on board. The captain had often a small library of his own, and at least some of the passengers, outward and homeward bound, were provided with a few volumes of good reading, which they could interchange with each other. When the elements are quiet, there is nothing to interrupt a man's studies on board but eating, flirting, and quarrelling; and the two last are commonly resorted to for lack of books, or want of love for them. The

conditions, indeed, are highly favourable to the enjoyment of books, even if we are in strong health ; and if sickness confines the passenger to his cabin (I do not speak of sea-sickness, for that nothing can beguile), they are blessings, the sum of which no words can express. For there he lies, day after day, so helpless, so lonely, with nothing but the eternal bulk-heads to meet his eye, even the brief visits of fellow-passengers perhaps forbidden ; and if he could not go forth to travel in strange countries, and see fields and houses and mountains around him—if he could not, by the aid of books, people his cabin with familiar friends, it would go hard with him to keep his wits from being crazed.

No books that we ever read impress themselves so vividly on our memories as those which we devour on our sick-beds. In health the book is but an episode—an interlude—in the day's life ; in sickness it is everything to us. In the stirring intercourse of life, the Real soon effaces the Ideal ; the Present jostles down the Past. What are the "blameless king" and the "table round," and the stalwart knights to us, when we are sitting in committee at our own long table, with no lack of knights perhaps, but with other work before us than that of redressing human wrongs. What are Hampden and Pym to us, when Gladstone and John Bright are to speak to-night, and we have a seat under the gallery ? But, in the quietude of the sick-room, we can ride abroad with Sir Gawaine and Sir Launcelot ; or see Lord Strafford, "wearing his badge," in the great trial, which sent him to the block. I owe a great debt of gratitude to two books, which I read under both the conditions above spoken of—of sickness and board-ship. Mere accident brought them to me. I think that they were both borrowed. The one was *Humphry Clinker*, the other *Wilhelm Meister*.\* No two books of the same class of literature could have been more unlike to each other. But I cannot say which gave me the greater pleasure ; or whether I lived more familiarly, for a while, with Matthew Bramble or with Mignon. The old gentleman and the little girl were very different companions ; but I was equal to either fortune of reverential friendship or condescending affection. Old and young came to me readily when I called them, and I found them both excellent company. It was consolatory to think that Matthew Bramble had more ailments than myself, and that I had such a dear little maid as Mignon to bring me my medicine. And then I could go to Bath or Buxton, or Weimar, just as I liked. I could drink the waters, or shift the scenes of a theatre, or follow in imagination any of the actors in these two dissimilar dramas, just as if I had a part in the play. Under Providence, I believe that they saved my

\* I see it stated that *Humphry Clinker* was the last book read by Miss Mitford before her death. I remember that, shortly after my return to England, I purchased all Fielding's and Smollett's novels, and read them with an appetite that I have not often brought to the perusal of more refined works of the imagination ; for even the coarseness is a scholarly coarseness, and the humour certainly is unsurpassed. We find ourselves in the society of genuine men and women. They might be better, but they are very real.

life, in spite of the protests of the Faculty. For I had to beg, and beg for a book in vain for days, and at last to transgress the orders of the doctor. Nature knew best what was good for me.

It was some dozen years after this, that on another sea-voyage, slowly recovering from a severe illness, I derived infinite consolation from reading Dickens's *American Notes*. I remember that one evening I was reading this book by the light of the "swing lamp" over my couch, when my long, pale, worn face suddenly puckered up with laughter. I had not laughed for a long time. And yet, it was not much that made me lay down the book to give full vent to my enjoyment of the ludicrous. I cannot quote the exact words of the passage; but the substance of it was to the effect that Mr. Dickens, whilst travelling in America, had been abruptly broken in upon by a fellow-passenger, with a discourse upon castor-oil; whereon the writer observed that it was the first time to his knowledge that this useful medicine had been used as a "conversational aperient." As I was very familiar just at that time of my life with the useful medicine in question, I have no doubt that the incident made a stronger impression on my mind than it would have done in any other circumstances. Certainly, it was a cachinnatory aperient to me. But the delights of the book were by no means confined to this and other choice passages. The substantial pleasure was in travelling through a strange country with such a pleasant companion. I have never thought that in what is called the "management of the sick-room," sufficient value has been attached to books as important curative agencies. There is some change observable, in this respect, in the present day; for the reign of good sense has commenced; and with the admission of fresh air, and the repudiation of blood-letting, the sanatory influences of amusement have come to be better understood. The first thing of all for the invalid is to cease from dwelling on his ailments, to shake off the environments of the sick-room, to imbibe freely the great tonic of hope, and to live in a world of future enjoyment. Pleasantly written books of travel are, in these respects, the best stimulants in the world. They carry a man to strange places, surround him with new circumstances, and help him to build castles in the air, of which he is to be the delighted occupant. Even a map is a great help to a sick man, to lift him out of his self. I have often beguiled the time by projecting journeys, at home and abroad, in search of health, which, when the opportunity has come, have of course never been realized. But it has done me a deal of good to think of them.

I was nearing the top of the hill of life, according to scriptural computation (assuming that half of the journey is down hill), when circumstances, stronger, I have said, than inclination, determined me towards historical research. For years I have been burrowing in the soil of hard fact. If it be not on the whole as pleasant as Poetry and Romance, History has exceeding great rewards of its own. There is a tendency, in these times, for the critical acumen of reviewers to limit the domain of History. It is often said of this or that book, that it is very readable, very in-

forming, that it brings to light many important new facts, and elucidates much that was before but obscurely known. Still "it is not history." And this goes on until the exasperated annalist, or chronicler, or whatever he may be, exclaims, "In God's name, then, what *is* history?" A question which, I suspect, the profound critic would find it very difficult to answer. What was said by the French of the great Balaklava charge, that it was "magnificent, but that it was not war," has been said, scores of times, with a difference, of Mr. Kinglake's account of it, "It is magnificent, but it is not history." Why is it not history? I have always had an idea that a truthful exposition of facts is history, and that the more accurately these facts are stated the more historical is the account of them. If I were asked for a definition of history, perhaps I should answer, "the portraiture of events." The first essential in a portrait is the likeness, or, in other words, the *truth*. All else is mere ornament. As a picture, as a work of art, for the general public, pleasant to the eye, the thing might be better for the omission of a mole, or a few wrinkles, or the slightest possible cast in the eye; but it would be less a portrait or representation of the man with such omissions than with the truthful eye-sores of which I have spoken, and would, therefore, be less a realization of the purpose for which it was painted. I have heard of "historians" of whom it has been said that they would "sacrifice truth to an epigram." In the writings of such historians all the more picturesque adjuncts are reproduced with wonderful effect: there is great "breadth" in the recital, and there is boldness of assertion, which, with many people, passes for truth. To halt in the narrative, for the purpose of investigating an important fact by the collation and examination of evidence, is clearly an offence against art. The reader resents it; the critic condemns it. But such offences are of the very essence of history—at all events, of history at first-hand. Second-hand history, profiting by foregone explorations and investigations, may take for granted what has been demonstrated conclusively in some preceding work, and despatch in an hour what it has taken weeks or months of labour truthfully to exhume and elucidate. But who is the real historian—he who goes to the fountain-head of truth, who examines every doubtful assertion, detects and explodes error, compares and investigates conflicting statements; who, in doing this, reads cartloads of original correspondence, public and private, and examines living witnesses by scores; or the writer who, coming after, gets rid of all the grit of controversy, and who has little to do but to re-write with greater polish and precision what his predecessor has placed ready to his hand? There can be but one answer. The latter may produce an historical prose-poem or romance, infinitely more attractive; but the former is the true historian. It must not be supposed that I undervalue these adornments. When I think of what it cost me in my younger days to read through Hook's *History of Rome* and Mitford's *History of Greece*, I cannot but bless those writers who have endeavoured to make the recital of actual events attractive to

the reader. I think that we have very properly exploded a great deal of nonsense about the "dignity of history." Genuine history does not consist in the mere representation of the outer-crust of great events. There is infinitely more instruction in tracing the origin of these events, which are, for the most part, to be found in the character of the nation and in the characters of individual men. That history, therefore, which best represents the manners and customs and inner-life of the people, as well as the lives of the leading members of the community; which deals most in popular description and most largely admits the biographical and anecdotal elements—is the most faithful, as it is the most interesting. The cardinal defect of many orthodox historical works is that there is no flesh-and-blood in them. Kings and queens, great warriors and great statesmen, are men and women, not mere pageants and scarecrows. And certainly, in this respect, the historians of the present day excel those who flourished in the time of our forefathers, with the exception, perhaps, of Clarendon, whose histories abound in portraits of living men.\* But what I here say in favour of this more attractive style of history militates in nowise against what I have said above, that truth is the one thing needful, and that he who brings to light the greatest amount of truth is the most genuine historian, though not, perhaps, the greatest historical artist, of all.

For my own part, I like to see the processes by which results are produced. I like to go a little behind the scenes. My natural tendencies, as I have said, are all towards fiction; but there is great excitement in fact-hunting, and there are few pursuits more interesting than the study of such materials of history as the autograph letters or notes of the great actors themselves—little scraps of paper, perhaps, with a few words hastily written upon them, but often of more value to history than whole folios of recorded correspondence. It is an unlikely-looking thing, perhaps, in itself—something that, at first sight, you are inclined to put aside as unserviceable, but, on closer inspection, you find that it brings to light some long-hidden fact, or loosens some knotty point of history; or, if it does not thus directly aid you, it puts you on the right scent, or supplies a missing link in a chain of evidence, which leads to most valuable results. But I shall soon be digressing into "Recollections of a *Writer*," and it is time for me to draw towards a conclusion.

But, after all, when I come to look at it, how little have I said, and

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\* It must always be gratefully acknowledged that in this respect Macaulay has done much for History. After the example thus set, and its immense success, we shall probably have no more very dull histories. It has been said that he has sometimes not hesitated to sacrifice truth to effect. But this charge is applicable rather to his *Essays* than to his *History of England*. The *Essays* were review-articles, written anonymously, for effect; and they were published as such, with most of their original errors still left to deface them. The most brilliant of all (the *Essay on Warren Hastings*) is the most untruthful. But the *History* was written, and in parts re-written, with immense care, after great research, and the facts are, for the most part, to be trusted, though the estimates of character and conduct are often tinged by the prejudices and predilections of party.

how much do I feel that I have left unsaid. To many men, the history of their reading is the history of their lives. This is not quite the case with respect to my own life, but it goes some way towards an epitome of my autobiography; and, in some respects, it is not only a large, but the *best* part of it. What we do we may forget, or we may not wish to remember; but what we read is a delight for ever. There are, doubtless, hundreds, who, like myself, have lain awake in the dead of the night or in the ghastly dawn, and repeated to themselves whole pages of poetry, or acted, in imagination, long scenes of remembered dramas. I would recommend every one to have an ample *repertoire* of this kind, ready at all times for immediate use. I learnt "by heart," the first book of *Paradise Lost* when a boy, as a school-task, and the whole of Moore's *Paradise and the Peri*, as a pleasure-task; and very serviceable have I often found these and other similar acquisitions. It is like carrying about a select library in one's pocket, with the additional advantage of being able to read the books in the dark. You may lose your fortune, you may lose your friends, but you cannot lose these possessions. Friends! only think what a choice every reader has of them; friends to suit every mood. He can go travelling with Don Quixote, or Bunyan's Christian; he can crack jokes with Mercutio and Gratiano; he can drink Sherris-sack with Falstaff, or strong port with Squire Western; he can sit in the chimney corner with the good vicar, Dr. Primrose, or with the "reverend champion" of the Deserted Village; he can discuss the Agamemnon with Parson Adams, and the fitness of things with Philosopher Square; he can pay a visit at Christmas to the brothers Cheeryble, and ask Colonel Newcome to dinner. They are sure never to quarrel with him, never to grow cold; he has them always at their best; cheery if he is cheery, grave if he is grave, never disappointing him, never clashing with his humours. And then, what a *Paradise of Fair Women* he may have from which to select a loving companion. He may have Antigone for a daughter or a sister; he may have Cleopatra to coquette with him; he may have wit-passages with Rosalind and Beatrice, and love-passages with Juliet or Miranda; he may have Ariel to carry his messages and Anne Page to wait upon him; he may adopt Mignon and little Nell, and culture them to the perfection of womanhood; and he may take [ ] to wife. I must needs leave a blank here; when it comes to marriage let every one fill it in as he pleases. It would be interesting and amusing to see how some of our learned and accomplished friends would occupy the vacant space. Winter is coming on apace with its long evenings and its bright fires; and it might be worth a thought whether the idea could not be turned to profitable account in aid of the evening's amusement. "Of all the heroines (or heroes) of poetry and romance, whom would you choose for a wife (or husband)?" Then the game might go off into specifications. "Of all Shakspeare's heroines, &c.?" "Of all Scott's?" "Of all Byron's?" "Of all Dickens's, Thackeray's, Anthony Trollope's?" &c. I throw out the hint to my young friends. It might be better than "Post," or "Birds, Beasts, and



Fishes." Some little lady might go round with a pencil and voting-papers and a basket, and collect the several votes—all signed, of course ; and the result might be some fun, and, perhaps, some glimpses of information respecting the characters of the voters. There would, doubtless, be some diverting blunders, in good faith, and some waggeries not in good faith—as, for example, if the Adonis of the party were to give in a vote for Mrs. Bardell or Mrs. Gamp, or some one else were to give it in for him. Such a game as this might promote some innocent hilarity at Christmas-time, and might remind some thinking people of the gratitude which they owe to the writers of books. There are few amongst us who do not need to be so reminded. We read the books, and care little about the writers ; but if we would only consider for a little while how different life would have been to us if these book-writers had not helped us through it, we should cherish an amount of thankfulness in our hearts second only to that which we owe to the Great Source of the intelligence which has enabled them thus to lighten our lives.

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[I cannot resist a note at the end of these papers, with reference to the account given, in Part II., of Middleton's tragedy of *Women Beware Women*. The reader will have observed that in the last (November) number of this Magazine, immediately preceding my own paper, there was an interesting historical article on "Bianca Capello." It need not be said that the Bianca of history is the Bianca of the drama. The two stories are the same, "with a difference." The dramatist in one passage, at least (Act iii. scene i.), calls the lady Bianca Capella, or, as the editors of 1816 insist on calling the name, "Brancha Capella ;" and there is no doubt that he founded his play on the biographical facts. The accidental concurrence of the two articles is curious, and I hope that it will enhance the interest of both.]

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## After Ten Years.

SHE.

Come out beyond this house and garden pale,  
 Where I have lived and walked these hopeless years ;  
 These lonely longsome years, whose only tale  
 Has been of hope deferr'd, and whose sick tears,  
     Slow-dropping on my heart, have deadened it,  
 Till even dreaded pain has lost his sting,  
     And grown familiar, us'd all day and night,  
     Beside me close to sit,  
 And lay his leaden hand on everything  
     That once was young and quick and warmly bright.

Come out, away ; here I am ever bound,  
 And only half-alive ; close-clinging weeds  
 Stifle and wrap my brain ; my heart is wound  
 In a shroud of ten years' patience ; here it feeds  
     On mem'ry's bitter rind, it cannot wake  
 To understand your coming, and the life  
     You say is yet before us ; here each tree,  
     Each leaf and flower-flake,  
 Speaks to me of the past, and, like a knife,  
     The faint sweet smell of lilac pierces me !

How have I spent these years you ask ? Soon told,  
 The story of *my* springtime ! Eight years pass'd  
 In tending him who parted us of old,  
     Using a father's right ; and these two last,  
     After he died (died palsied, mindless, blind),  
 Have crept by sadly in grey silent days  
     Free from all care or burden, but alone :  
     Voices cold or kind  
 I shrank from ; all too old to change my ways,  
     For two long years now I have lived alone !

The summers came with tender lilacs twin'd,  
 And went in rain of rose-leaves falling fast  
 Upon the sighing, sobbing, autumn wind ;  
     They killed me with the thought of summers past !

In winter I could better bear my life;  
 I took fierce pleasure in the icy snow,  
   The sullen sky, and dead hard-frozen shore,  
   And windy moan and strife.  
 But summer, with its thrill and murm'rous flow,  
   Its languor of delight—I shrank before!

Come—I remember a deep wood—come quick!  
   Which for this many a year I have not seen,  
 So 'tis not poisoned with my fancy sick—  
   Here through this gate—Oh! the cool, the green,  
   Soothes me to quiet, as a mother's hand  
 Hushes her restless child; this quiv'ring light,  
   And sigh of beechen leaves, this mossy thyme,  
   The distant purple land  
 Crowning the long low hills, is like the sight  
   Of half-forgotten faces; for that time

When we walked here together, ere you went,  
   That was the last: then I was young and fair,  
 And you not grave as now, and gray and bent.  
   A weary woman, sorrow-touch'd, with hair  
   And face and form time-changed, such I've grown—  
 No, no! you cannot want me as you say;  
   You say so out of pity; let me die  
   As I have liv'd—alone!  
 How can I share your life? a shadow gray,  
   To harass and to haunt you—no—not I!

You have had liberty, and change, and choice,  
   All a man's part, although beyond the sea,  
 While I have had to live with my own voice  
   And face and fancies, and have had to see  
   My life to autumn fading ere its spring.  
 Faithful you call me? Faithful? Oh, love, no!  
   Here let me tell you, kneeling at your feet,  
   Nay, let me weeping cling!  
 I have been faithless, hard; and even so,  
   Of such black doubt I glean the harvest meet!

The day you went youth died. Was it then strange  
   That faith died too, and tender hope and trust,  
 And all that keeps us young? I said, no change  
   Can henceforth come for me. I basely thrust

Your promise and your solemn oath aside.  
 For ten long years I have dishonour'd you,  
 Dishonouring your word, with dark despair  
 And bitter doubting pride !  
 You have been faithful—(God reward you !)—true.  
 But I ?—my love ! my love ! how could I dare !

## HE.

You poor woman, hush ! I will not hear  
 Another word against yourself. I know  
 Your loveless life of constant care and fear  
 Spent serving him who laid our love-hopes low.  
 Hush, listen, for us both I best can speak ;  
 Rise from your lowly kneeling. By my side,  
 Close to my heart, sweet wife (for wife you'll be  
 Before another week),  
 Must be your place henceforth ! Long-chosen bride !  
 Among all women, you alone for me !

I know you better than you know yourself ;  
 You cannot but be happy with my love,  
 So strong, so patient. I, who trust myself,  
 Will make you trust me, and great God above  
 Will give his blessing, and will make our life  
 A ceaseless song of joy ; and I shall make  
 A golden radiance of your eventide ;  
 So you will trust me, wife !  
 Poor face, each line is sacred for love's sake,  
 I would not wish these ten years' marks to hide !

Weeping for me has made those eyes so sad ;  
 Thinking of me has traced that careworn brow !  
 Now, love, I mean to teach you to be glad,  
 Now gay and restful, and light-hearted now.  
 So we will spend our peaceful wedded life,  
 And in that better life above, believe  
 That we shall have our spring-time's green delight !  
 Give me your hand, my wife ;  
 Look at the future through my eyes, and weave  
 Your sad thoughts with my hopes and visions bright !

A. L. B.

## Trial by Battle.

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THE existence of a custom proves that there must have been at one time or another a necessity for it ; and this necessity will invariably be found proportionate to the prevalence of the custom. Judicial combat, absurd and barbarous as it may now appear, was no exception. In the infancy of modern jurisprudence causes were decided by the quantity of evidence, and not at all by its quality. Fifty false witnesses were better than forty-nine true ones, and a dozen forgeries, backed, of course, by hard swearing, of more avail in a court of law than eleven genuine documents. In vain were seals enlarged and oaths rendered more and more awful ; fabrication and perjury flourished until neither property, nor even personal liberty, were anywhere secure. We regret that truth compels us to place the clergy among the chief offenders. An amazing number of the charters by which they held their property, and of the laws, canons, and decretals on which they grounded their privileges, were forged. For example, out of twenty charters in favour of the Abbey of St. Denis, Paris, attributed to King Dagobert, sixteen were certainly false, and the remaining four were not certainly true ; and in the first of three laws extremely favourable to Episcopacy, which appear in the Theodosian Code, one of the very learned Godefroys detected more than twenty proofs of forgery. An attempt was made to remedy these crying evils by substituting ordeal by touch for negative and affirmative oaths ; but this method was soon found fully as dangerous as the other. As a last resource, therefore, the lay proprietors generally insisted on the revival of the duel, and its extension to every suit of importance. The clergy unanimously and vigorously opposed the desired change : the laity, however, were firm, and one after another the Western States adopted the innovation. "We do this"—says Gondebald, in the edict appointing trial by battle among the Burgundians,—“to prevent our subjects from attesting by oath what they are not certain of ; nay, what they know to be false.” And Otho II. is still more explicit. “There has long been a detestable custom in practice,” says the preamble to Otho’s laws on the duel, “that if the title to an estate is said to be false, the person who claims under that title makes oath on the Gospel that it is genuine, and without any further judgment takes possession. Thus, he who perjures himself is sure of gaining his cause.” To prevent this Otho ordained that thenceforth all disputes concerning real property, even when clergymen were suitors, should be settled by combat. As a curiosity in its way, we quote the form in which such lawsuits were conducted under the new system. “If two neighbours be at suit con-

cerning the bounds of their possessions," say the capitularies of King Dagobert, "let them dig a piece of turf out of the spot of ground contested, and give it to the judge. This turf the judge shall hold in his hand on the 'Malle.' There the suitors, touching the turf with the points of their swords, shall take God to witness the justice of their claims. Afterwards shall they do battle, and the victory shall decide whose right is the better." Godfrey of Bouillon, among others, fought in such a quarrel.

Judicial combat spread rapidly and took deep root all over Western Christendom; at first with small precision or uniformity, being resorted to in trifles as well as in great matters, and its regulations varying in every lordship—wherever in fact there happened to be a baron enjoying the right of "High Justice." This was everywhere, for, generally speaking, the lord of the soil was supreme judge thereon, however small his fief, provided that he held immediately of the prince. During this uncertain period many odd cases of the duel occurred: the Germans resorting to it to decide a knotty point of logic, and the Spaniards to settle a dispute between rival ritualists, very like that now raging among ourselves. These cases may be seen in *Robertson*, so we shall not pause to recount them.

Quite as odd as either, though much narrower in effect, was the first judicial contest on record. The noble Gontron, when hunting in the forest of Vosges (590), found there the remains of a bull, which somebody had slain. The deed was evidently the work of a poacher, and, as the scene was a royal forest, the crime was a great one, especially in the eyes of a staunch courtier. Gontron returned hastily to the palace, pushed his inquiries energetically, and soon found that Chundon, the royal chamberlain, had been hunting lately in that quarter without leave. The offender was at once arrested, the case examined, and there being no positive evidence to show that Chundon had slain the bull, the combat was ordered. Gontron fought in person, while the chamberlain was represented by his nephew. The champion was wounded and knocked down, and Gontron, drawing his dagger, rushed forward to complete his work. But as he stooped in the very act of slaying his victim, the latter, making a last effort, stabbed him in the abdomen, and both sank dead together. Chundon, a spectator of the fray, ran off towards the nearest sanctuary, but was pursued, seized before he could reach the altar, attached to a hook and stoned to death—though on what principle we cannot conceive.

The duel was just as loosely used in England as anywhere else, at least for the first two or three centuries. Here, as we are informed by that very ancient legal manual, the *Mirroure of Justice*, it was allowed by the laws, upon warrant of the combat between David for the people of Israel on the one side, and Goliath for the Philistines on the other—a reason that greatly disgusted Pope Nicholas I., and which reminds ourselves of a remark we have seen somewhere, that our ancestors of the middle ages were never at a loss for a prophecy to excuse a folly, or a text



to justify a wrong. The *Mirroure* goes on to say that victory was holden for the truth, and the combat of two men sufficed to evolve it; that combats were made in many other cases besides felonies; and that if a man who had done any falsity in word or deed, and was appealed thereof, denied it, it was lawful for the plaintiff to prove the action by his body or by the body of one witness. Such a case, according to the *Mirroure*, arose when false judgment was given in open court, the pronouncer of the judgment, whether he sat alone or acted as spokesman for several, being liable to challenge and combat in support of his verdict—a curiosity of mediæval law of which we shall see more anon. And so it was when “gift, bailment, pledge, deed, seal, or any other manner of contract, or words spoken, or deeds done,” were denied. For instance, if the actual possessor of a thing admitted to have been stolen asserted that he had obtained it legally from a certain person and the latter denied it, the truth, as it lay between these two, was triable by battle. This latitude of the duel caused it to be incessantly resorted to in the good old times; indeed the fines resulting therefrom formed no small portion of the royal revenues. Madox (*History of the Exchequer*) copies numerous instances from the public records. These entries generally run as follow:—Rodolph de Hertwell fined twenty shillings, to have his duel with William Wandard; Alured, the son of Ranulph, fined forty marks, for leave to make up his duel with Osbert the sailor; Robert de Gerard fined forty marks, for leave to recover his land by duel; Ivo, the husband of Emma, fined forty marks, for recurrence or withdrawal from the duel; Mathew de Vernon fined a hundred measures of wine, for leave to make up his duel with his brother; Margaret Pounceford fined ten marks, that the duel between herself and her brother Robert may be stayed; Robert Darcy fined forty measures of wine and a mark, that the duel between himself and his brother may be stayed; and so forth. Not the least curious of the many curious cases of judicial combat in old England was that which concerned the approver. This unpleasant character had the ugly privilege of proving his charge by battle—hanging being the lot of the vanquished. An instance took place in the reign of Henry III. Two wandering scamps, Walter Blowerberme and Hamon le Stare, found their way to one of the three great annual fairs of Winchester. There they plundered to a large extent, particularly the mercers; Hamon's share of the booty including a substantial coat of Irish frieze and a gayer garment—half cloth of Abingdon and half “burrall” of London. Blowerberme fell into the clutches of the thief-takers shortly afterwards, in the metropolis, and immediately betrayed his accomplice. The latter was arrested and denied the charge stoutly. There is no description of the battle that ensued extant; but there is something nearly, if not quite as good. The clerk who recorded the circumstance, being of an artistic turn, has illustrated the entry with a drawing that, in its contempt for proportion and perspective, would have done honour to the first of the celestials who ever embellished a saucer.

This drawing represents the rogues in the lists with their cudgels poked viciously against each other's noses. Under each figure the name is written, an example that has been judiciously followed by the contriver of the allegories on the Holborn Viaduct. Hamon le Stare lost the battle and was hung—which event is duly recorded in the drawing. As he left no property there was no forfeiture. The affair, indeed, was a dead loss to the King, giving rise to one of the numerous repetitions of the following entry in books of the Exchequer—"Et pro disfaciendo homine victo, v.s." "To hanging a vanquished man, five shillings." Much about the same period William Ribold, "a felon, appealed" William Noche, at Norwich, of harbouring thieves, receiving stolen goods, and murdering a traveller, whose body the said Noche "had carried out of the city and laid in Thorpe Wood." Ribold offered to prove his charge by duel, "according to the law of the land." But on this occasion the approver made a mistake. He did not know that Richard I. had extended one of the privileges of the London citizens to those of Norwich, viz.—"That none be forced to a duel," and was therefore altogether discomfited when Noche, being a citizen, claimed and obtained inquisition of the matter by jury. The trial resulted, as may be surmised, in the acquittal of the true man, and the execution of the felon. Norwich and London, however, were exceptional places. Through the rest of mediæval England the approver was a perfect plague: sturdy fellows, with small conscience and large knowledge of cudgel-playing, making a trade of extorting money from timid householders, under menace of accusing them of felony, and, worse still, seldom shrinking from preferring such charges when well paid for it. The author of the *Mirroure*, while enumerating the legal abuses of his day, gives us rather a startling idea of the pestiferous scope accorded in early times to the approver. "It is an abuse," says this writer, "to suffer one attainted of felony to be an approver; an abuse that approvers are suffered to appeal oftener than once, or at will, or in any manner falsely; an abuse to force people to trial on a charge, whereof the approver is not indicted, or, on which he has already been tried and convicted; and an abuse to suffer an approver to live after he be attainted of false appeal." We may add that Sir Mathew Hale fully endorses the conclusions to be drawn from these passages.

The progress of time, the refinement of manners, and the growth of the science of jurisprudence gradually restricted the range of the duel, determining its application with precision, and strictly regulating its ceremonies. This was more completely the fact in England than elsewhere. Here, thanks to the thoroughness of the Norman Conquest, there was but one will, and consequently but one law, and the duel therefore was strictly confined to three cases, viz.—charges affecting the honour of gentlemen; accusations of felony, and that peculiarity of old English law, the Writ of Right. In the first and second instances the principals combated in person, but in the third, always by champions armed with wooden shield

and baton. A good many examples of this kind of duel are on record previous to the reign of Elizabeth; but from that time forward the battle in the Writ of Right became a mere fiction. The champions, indeed, were appointed, the lists provided, and the day fixed. Nay, the judge took his seat, and the spectators gathered to the scene in anticipation of a glorious treat, in the way of head-breaking and rib-roasting—to meet with a disappointment. For the judgment usually went by default, one party or the other, according to arrangement, failing to appear, and being pronounced for ever after incapable of further action in the suit. The Writ of Right, indeed, so far as the duel went, was, during the latter portion of its existence, a remarkably fine specimen of “great cry and little wool.”

But while he of England was indeed a king, the Continental sovereigns were little more than the first among their equals. Every province, therefore, nay, almost every petty town on the Continent, had its own peculiar legal forms, which it clung to with stern tenacity. Thus, while the duel in the royal domains was mostly confined to the cases in which it was admitted in England, it was allowed much wider use in the great fiefs. In some places it might be demanded in cases of common assault, or for such a trifling debt as twelve deniers; in others for abusive words, or a debt of five deniers; and in others again for insulting grimaces, or any debt whatever.

Feudal trials on the Continent were things of violence from beginning to end. The very halls of justice there had a fighting look. “In those of all the seigneurs, ecclesiastic as well as laic,” says a writer of the eighteenth century (St. Foix), “the figures of two champions, completely armed and ready to encounter, were seen in the place where the crucifix (with as the royal arms) now stands.” Ragneau reports that there were two such figures in the justice hall of the chapter of St. Meri. And Sauval says:—“I am much deceived if I have not myself seen them in the two chambers of requests of the Palaise, before they were painted, gilded, and ornamented as they are at present; and I think that behind the crucifix of one of these chambers there still remains a considerable portion, if not the whole, of the figure of one of these champions.” The feudal court was composed of the seigneur—who might have been a bishop or an abbot as well as a noble—or his bailiff, and of not less than four of his feudatories or peers. Contempt of court was not dealt with then as now. It would rather amuse us if the Lord Chief Baron, or any of his brethren, were to invite a noisy spectator, or a mutinous witness, to box with him; and yet that was about the course adopted in such a case by a feudal judge. The president of the court could compel anybody who disregarded his authority to fight him. At Bourges, for instance, we learn from the charter which abolished this peculiar method of maintaining judicial dignity in that quarter (1145), that, if the provost had summoned any person who refused to appear, the next proceeding of the functionary was to address the obstinate individual in the following form:—“I sent for

thee and thou didst not think it worth thy while to come. I demand, therefore, the satisfaction of the duel for this contempt." And doubtless the provost must have found it a great satisfaction, when some peculiarly ugly customer gave him a sound thwacking in addition to despising his behests. The duel was especially designed for those capital cases in which there was just cause for suspicion against the party accused, but not sufficient evidence to procure his conviction. But, in France at least,—which meant not only France proper, but also French-speaking Switzerland, Savoy, the Sicilies, and Flanders, in short, fully a third of mediæval Christendom—it was hardly possible to conduct any action at law without having recourse to it. The agreement of two witnesses being necessary to decide a question, if the defendant fancied that the second witness was likely to confirm the testimony which the first had given against him, he could denounce him as a liar and a slanderer, and challenge him to fight—*before he gave evidence*. If the witness declined the challenge he was set aside; if he accepted it the further hearing of the case was postponed, until this little incident was decided. The fight going in favour of the challenger there was an end to the matter, and the appellant lost his cause for having produced a false witness. The defendant could also challenge a witness *after giving evidence*, but then the result was far less decisive. In this instance the defeat of the witness left the complainant at liberty to bring forward another witness, or, in default of further testimony, to claim the duel for himself. Nor was this strange practice altogether unreasonable—at least in the opinion of our sires. The laws of Gondebald say it is a righteous thing that the person who declares himself certain of the truth, and offers to swear to it, should maintain his oath with his sword. The peers or judges of the feudal court were just as liable to challenge as the witnesses. And so in early times was the suzerain himself, in his character of president. But when intense loyalty became, as it soon did, the political creed, the challenge of the suzerain was regarded as an act of the gravest felony, and, of course, altogether disused. It was the fashion to petition the lord to cause his peers to pronounce judgment individually in open court. If the peers happened to be equally divided the verdict was given for the defendant, otherwise a majority decided the matter. The defendant was always free to dispute the award if adverse, and overturn it if he could by battle. He might wait until all had spoken before he did this. But in that case he had to fight all who had decided against him, one after another. This plan was obviously too perilous to be frequently adopted. The preferable method was to wait until the verdict wanted but one of the requisite majority. When that one stood up to speak the defendant denounced him, *before he could speak*, as a liar and a slanderer, and challenged him to the duel—a challenge which the peer was bound in honour and fealty to accept. This encounter, if the defendant won it, was merely preliminary. He might afterwards have to challenge other judges, and he certainly would have to

meet the appellant, since the defeat of the judge, or judges, quashed nothing but the verdict and the evidence on which it had been founded, and reduced the case to one of suspicion. But if the defendant happened to be defeated by any of the peers, he lost his cause in the first instance, and, when not arraigned on a capital charge, was heavily fined in the second,—forfeiting sixty sols to the suzerain, and as much to each of the peers who had agreed in the verdict.

So far the duel was not *à l'outrance*, was generally fought by proxy, and, in spite of its frequency, was seldom fatal. But it was seriously different when the defendant was charged on suspicion with any of the capital crimes, as murder, treason, fire-raising, highway-robbery, or violation. In these cases the use of champions was allowed only to females, clergymen, children, the deformed, the sickly, or men over sixty; unless they wished, as occasionally happened in all the instances, to combat in person. Females, as we shall show, habitually fought in judicial duels in Germany and Switzerland; clergymen abandoned the habit only after repeated injunctions from the head of the church. In the celebrated, but rather apocryphal, case of the Countess of Gastinois, her champion is represented as a youth of fifteen; and there are numerous examples of the deformed, the sickly, and the aged entering the lists in their own cause. But these exceptions apart, the nearest relatives were compelled to encounter in person, brother with brother, and even son with sire. Rude as they were, the mediæval legislators were fully impressed with the gravity of the duel when estate, life, and honour were all at stake on its issue. They took due care that it should not be lightly undertaken, and surrounded it with ceremonies that must have been absolutely appalling to the guilty conscience in those superstitious times. Though there was so much diversity in the practice of the duel when applied to minor matters, yet when it became a consideration of life and death, there was almost universal agreement in all the proceedings, from the first appearance of the appellant in court to the execution of the vanquished. In the reign of Richard II., Thomas of Woodstock compiled the regulations of the duel in use in England; several of the French monarchs, notably St. Louis and Philip the Fair, dealt at length with the subject by royal ordonnance; it is largely considered in the code which the crusaders drew up for their ephemeral kingdom, Jerusalem; it is dilated on by two celebrated mediæval lawyers, Beaumanoir and Desfontaines; and it is exhausted by numerous manuscripts preserved in the German libraries. The principal difference between these authorities is this—the German writers say more than the French writers, and the latter a great deal more than the English writers; but Frenchmen, Germans, and Englishmen agree on all the essentials. Comparing these authorities, we find that there could be no duel on a vague charge, nor where the case was capable of other proof; that to obtain the duel the accusation had to fulfil the following conditions: in the first place, the

crime must have been capital; in the second, it must, without doubt, have been committed; in the third, there must have been no other means of bringing the guilty to justice; and, in the fourth, there must have been sufficient cause of suspicion against him. In such a case, "he who knows himself true and innocent, ought to appear without delay when he learns that he is accused," says the ordonnance of Philip the Fair (1304), "but time shall be allowed him to produce his friends. We will and order that the appellant state his case by his own mouth, or that of his advocate, before ourselves or a competent judge; that he say nothing but what relates to the matter in dispute; and that he conclude by demanding the punishment of the defendant, if he confess, as law, justice, and the matter require. If the defendant deny the charge, the appellant ought to say that he cannot prove it by witnesses, but only by his body or the body of his champion, *as a man of discretion and a gentleman ought to do*, in our presence as prince and sovereign. Then ought he to throw down his gage of battle, and, if needful, demand a champion. Next must the defendant declare the appellant a liar, and demand that he be punished for his slander. This done, he shall take up the gage, and, if necessary, demand a champion. Finally, each shall swear to appear, duly armed and provided, at the hour and place appointed, giving adequate bail for the same; and this word each shall keep on pain of being accounted recreant." The constable, says Thomas of Woodstock, shall specify the weapons and the time, the latter to be not less than forty days after the appeal, unless the parties themselves desire to meet sooner; and, add the French authorities, all private war between the parties shall thenceforth cease.

During the interval the lists were to be prepared. These consisted of a double row of palisades, six feet high and four feet asunder, enclosing a plot of ground "without great stones, stable, and equal," and well sanded to the depth of six inches. The Champ Clos, as this area was termed, varied much in shape and size. It was square or oval, according to local usage or the taste of the designer. When intended for plebeians it was never more than sixty paces in girth, and was often excavated like a cock-pit. For knightly combatants a larger space was allowed, a circuit of 120 paces if they fought on foot, or double that size if they contended on horseback. The lists had two gates facing each other: one to the east for the appellant, and another to the west for the defendant. At the southern extremity was the judge's seat, and at the northern end the gibbet. Right and left of the judge were placed benches for the high-born spectators. In celebrated duels and large cities, these benches frequently ran round the champ clos. More usually they occupied but one side, leaving the other three open to the people. In the lists, opposite the judge, stood a portable altar, and near the wickets two pavilions for the champions. And outside the lists, near the gibbet, rose a scaffold, whereon the fearful ceremony of degradation from nobility and knighthood



was to be performed with the vanquished. The lists were generally temporary structures. They were sometimes raised at the cost of the challenger, and in these instances the defendant, if ostentatious, might, and often did, insist on sharing these and other charges. They were, however, for the most part, provided by the suzerain, or, in free towns, by the municipality. A municipal champ clos was always raised in the market-place; that of an ecclesiastical seigneur as near as possible to the church; and, in the latter case, the lists were often permanent. "There is good reason to think," says Sauval, "that the champ clos of St. Martin des Champs and that of the Abbey St. Germain des Prés, were always ready." And there is equally good reason to think that when not employed for purposes of battle these lists were used as places of popular assembly. We find that on December 1, 1357, that princely reprobate and demagogue, Charles the Bad, King of Navarre, harangued the mob of Paris in the lists of St. Germain des Prés.

And here we had better say a word or two concerning the connection that existed between the clergy and the combat in the good old times. Strenuously as they had opposed the custom at its introduction, a time came when it had no stauncher supporters. Being among the largest holders of fiefs, the clergy soon found that they could neither maintain order among their numerous vassals, nor protect their temporalities from encroachment without the duel, and one after another they were driven to solicit the right of ordering and controlling it from the lord paramount. The monks of St. Denis were the first of the French clergy to do this, and the form in which King Robert granted their request (1008) is very pithy, and sufficiently odd. "We give to God and St. Denis," says the diploma, "the law of the duel, or, as it is called of the vulgar, the Champ." Other ecclesiastics followed the example of the monks of St. Denis, and in no long period all the clerical seigneurs were in possession of the privilege. Nor as yet did they meet with opposition from the heads of the church. Pope Nicholas I., while repudiating the argument adduced in its favour by the English, pronounced the judicial combat legitimate; Pascal V. said much the same thing; and Eugene III., when consulted on the subject, replied shortly, but to the purpose, "*Utimini consuetudine vestra.*" "Stick to your custom." And stick to their custom the churchmen did, with characteristic tenacity, figuring as principals in these encounters fully as frequently as the profane. Professional champions indeed became indispensable to the mediæval cathedrals and convents. These were usually bondmen, who, out of respect to their masters, "*habeant bellandi et testificandi licentiam*"—(*Charter of Louis the Fat*, 1118)—were privileged to bear witness against and exchange thwacks with their betters, with the prospect of liberty if they conquered three times. And most of them had ample opportunity of thus winning their freedom; for the pages of the monkish annalists abound in such passages as this:—In the reign of Louis the Young, the monks of St.

Genevieve demanded the duel to prove that Stephen Maci had wrongfully imprisoned one of their serfs. The combatants contended long and equally, "but in the end the champion of the Abbey, by the help of God (and his club), knocked out the eye of his adversary, and compelled him to acknowledge himself vanquished." Nor did the clergy always choose to do battle by proxy. Geoffrey of Vendôme mentions a combat that took place in his time between a monk and a canon: a thing that could not have been very rare, or a provincial council sitting much about the time in Normandy would not have inserted among its rules one forbidding "priests to fight in judicial duels without the consent of their bishops." In 1252 a more peremptory tone was adopted by Pope Innocent IV. He addressed a bull to the bishops of France, intended to abolish among the clergy of that country the custom of establishing their right to run-away serfs by duel. This bull, however, was not much obeyed. And the small authority it ever possessed must have been sadly shaken by the conduct of certain cardinals at the Council of Ravenna (1812), who, when justifying the memory of Boniface VIII. against his French foes, produced, as their strongest argument, two Catalan desperadoes ready to do battle against his slanderers.

On the morning of combat the judge and his attendants were in their places betimes. A strong body of men-at-arms was drawn up between the palisades, the heralds, in their gay tabards, paraded the lists, the "master of high works" (hangman) and his crew stood by the gibbet, and a priest in full canonicals dressed his altar with crucifix, relics, &c., and then took post beside it. The constable and his guards kept the eastern wicket, and the marshal and his guards the western. Both officers were armed with headless spears, to be used, if necessary, in parting the duellists. With these exceptions, no weapons save those to be employed in fight were permitted within the enclosure. The constable, the marshal, and their followers, however, were fully clad in mail. As to the spectators,—need we dilate on the multitudes that surged round the barriers, or crowded the trees and housetops in the vicinity? We have seen how people could throng in our own days to a prize-fight, or a hanging; and we may conceive how a ruder generation would rush and crush to an exhibition which united and intensified all the fierce attractions of the prize-fight and the hanging.

The first proceeding of the day was the arrest of the sureties. Then the herald's trumpet rolled a pin-drop silence through the crowd. The usual proclamation followed: "Let none be armed or approach within four feet of the palisades, on pain of death and forfeiture; let none be mounted on pain of losing his horse if a gentleman, or his ears if a rascal; let all seat them on the ground until the close of the combat; and he who rises, shouts, speaks, or makes a sign, shall lose a hand." The appellant was next summoned three times by sound of trumpet, and thrice by name. On the third summons he issued from his lodgings attended by his friends,

and armed as he meant to fight. No error or omission of equipment could afterwards be rectified. He could not even close his visor if he appeared with it open. On his way to the lists he prayed and signed the cross at every step; or, better still, paid his devotions to the crucifix, or the picture of a favourite saint, which he held in both hands. At the eastern gate of the lists he was received by the constable, with the demand—"Who art thou, and wherefore comest thou armed to the door of these lists?" The champion replied, stating his name, his quality, the main points of his cause, and his purpose. The constable then raised his visor, and scrutinised his features, and having thus made sure of his identity, conducted him to his pavilion. Precisely the same form was gone through between the marshal and the defendant. Their weapons were next examined. These were required to be perfectly equal, with one small exception;—the challenger might fight with a shorter sword than the challenged, with the permission of the latter. The champions were afterwards searched for secret armour or amulets. In some places the detection of such things at once lost the bearer his cause; in others they were merely removed; and in others again the parties took solemn oath that they carried nothing of the kind, and the search was dispensed with. After the search the defendant retired to his pavilion, and the appellant was led by the constable and placed on his knees before the altar. This was a part of the ceremony that greatly interested the spectators. As the knights bore them in it, as they were firm or faltered, so the public formed their opinion of their guilt or innocence, and consequently of the approaching catastrophe. The priest pointed to the crucifix and said solemnly:—"Sir cavalier, esquire, or lord of such place, behold here the memorial of our Lord and Redeemer Jesus Christ, who gave his precious body to death for us! Ask His mercy, who is Judge Supreme, that He aid you now according to the justice of your cause. And think you well on the vows you have made; otherwise, your estate, your life, your honour, and your immortal soul are all in peril!" The priest having closed his invocation, the constable grasped the appellant's hands, and placing the right on the crucifix, and the left on the altar, exclaimed:—"Such a one, tell me, is your cause just?" To this the appellant gave a suitable reply—repeating after the constable the following oath:—"I, M. of N., appellant, do swear by the memory of the passion of our blessed Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, by the Holy Evangelists and these Holy Relics, by the faith of a true Christian, and the holy baptism which I have received from God, and by my hopes of heaven and my fears of hell, that I have a good and just quarrel against so and so, the which I shall prove this day by my body against his—So help me God, our Lady, and good St. George!" Having made this oath, the appellant rose and retired to his pavilion, and the defendant was led forward by the marshal and sworn in his turn. A few minutes afterwards, the oath was repeated in exactly the same form. Then a shroud was spread before the altar;

the champions knelt on it side by side, and while their right hands met on the crucifix, they listened to the impressive warning of the priest, and repeated the oath for the third time in stronger and still more striking form. The mass for the dead was next chanted over them : at its conclusion the priest gathered up his paraphernalia and withdrew, while the champions retired for the last time to their pavilions. We may remark that the guilty almost invariably manifested the weakness of their cause during this ceremony. Some did so by introducing equivocation into the oath, others by sliding their hands away from the crucifix as they pronounced the binding words, and many more by manipulating the sacred volume after a fashion well known in Ireland, and which is there called "kissing the thumb." The herald's trumpet now blew three long blasts, and the king-at-arms shouted three times, "Champions, do your duty." When the last blast had died away, the attendants lowered the pavilions and cast them out of the lists, placed two chairs for the champions to rest should the judge allow it ; tied two towels, each containing a loaf and a bottle of water to the wickets, and withdrew, leaving nobody in the lists but the constable, the marshal, their guards, and the champions. All being ready, the marshal shouted three times, "*Laissez les aller.*" At the first cry the combatants mounted ; at the second they levelled their lances ; and at the third they rushed to the shock. If they were parted at any time during the fray, their position was carefully noted, in order that the fight, if requisite, should be renewed in all respects under the same conditions. And if the judge willed that they should agree, the constable took the one, and the marshal the other, and led them out of the lists at the same instant, because it was the opinion that "he who went out first had the dishonour." But if there was no interference, the fight was continued until one was vanquished. This, in most places, was the fate of the challenger if night fell, and the stars appeared, before he could conquer his antagonist. In Spain, however, the combat might be renewed for three days running ; and in many quarters the appellant could demand to have as much time added to the day as had been wasted in the preliminary ceremonies.

Having thus surveyed judicial combat in its origin and machinery, let us now see how it worked. Handsome, courtly, skilled in arms, and a light-o'-love, Otho de Grandson was the perfection of a mediæval cavalier. He was renowned indeed through Christendom, and as well known or better in London, Paris, or Bruges as he was in the Pays de Vaud. Of course such a man was little of a home-keeper. He was here to-day and gone to-morrow—chasing excitement and pleasure, the glance of beauty, and the flash of battle, as a swallow chases the summer, and never thinking of settling quietly down in matrimony so long as he could rein a steed or tread a dance. Still, like many Irish gentlemen of later times, he managed to appear now and then on his estates ; very unfrequently indeed, but for all that, as it proved, once too often. Not that the mania for "tumbling

landlords" was anywhere very rife in those days. True, the peasants then had wrongs, and sharp ones, to complain of, and there was a formidable secret society, the Vehm, in existence. But the priest rather than the peer, if we are to believe the popular songs of the period, was regarded as the social incubus; and the Vehm, there is reason to think, was to a large extent anti-clerical. Be that, however, as it may, our gay bachelor suffered nothing from the Vehm; his peril had another origin. The lands of Graudson lay west of the Lake of Neuchâtel; right opposite stood the castle of Estavayer. In that castle moped Catherine de Belp, whom Gerard, lord of Estavayer, had wedded for her wealth. The lord was severe and sullen, the lady beautiful and wilful; he wished to command, she delighted to disobey; he was suspicious and she reckless. Two such people as Otho and Catherine could not tenant the same province for a fortnight, without coming to an understanding. The origin and progress of their acquaintance we shall not trace. It must suffice to say that Catherine could spin, and Otho climb; that she twined a rope-ladder, and that he made use of it. Suspicious people are often singularly obtuse; they will not see at all, or insist on seeing too much. Of this, Estavayer was a good example. The demon of jealousy, however, being roused at last, the gallant was forbidden the castle, and the lady closely confined. Estavayer then made inquiries in due baronial form—that is, he whipped the pages, kicked \* the maids, and half-roasted several vassals; thus he arrived at the truth. But he was not a particle the happier. He would have given an eye or a limb for instant vengeance. That, however, was not to be purchased for any price short of the lady's lands, which he could not resign, so there was no resource for him but to gnash his teeth impotently at the gallant, and torment the lady—and himself. Thenceforth Catherine's life was pitiable. Long years flew by doing their work on all parties. Confinement withered the dame into an ascetic; vengeful longings grizzled the baron before his time, and hardened him in face and heart into something like an incarnate demon; and ceaseless indulgence shattered Otho's constitution, and sent him home at last to die. Just then (1391) Amadeus, the Red Count of Savoy, was thrown heavily from his horse while hunting the boar, and died in a few days. There was no external wound, so it was at once concluded that the count had been poisoned. According to the custom of the good old times in such cases, the unfortunate physician was seized, tortured, and put to death. He died without confessing, and left speculation at fault concerning his employer. Estavayer took advantage of this to amaze everybody, by accusing Otho of Graudson of the crime. Many years before, some angry words had passed between the count and the knight; but this was hardly remembered, and this aside, there existed not the shadow of a suspicion against Otho. The new count was a child of seven at his father's death,

\* Louis of Bavaria (1265) did worse. In a fit of jealousy he threw his wife's chief waiting-woman out of a lofty window.

and the regents paid little attention to the charge preferred by Estavayer. Nevertheless, he clung to it with iron firmness, renewing it at every opportunity for the next six years, until many people began to think that he really had some cause for it. There's nothing like perseverance! The Savoyard princes of the middle ages were noted for keenness, and the new count was one of the keenest of his race. One day Estavayer's charge was mentioned in his presence: it attracted his attention, and he inquired; but more concerning the wealth of the parties, than the probabilities of the crime. "It is a case for combat," said the prince; "whichever way it goes there will be a glorious forfeiture: let them fight!" The speaker was then just thirteen.

The combat took place at Bourg en Bresse on the 7th of August, 1897, and was attended by such a concourse of knighthood as judicial combat, with but one exception—that of Jarnac and Châtaigneraye—never saw before or since. Half the chivalry of Europe was gathered in that quaint old town, for Graudson, as we have remarked, was widely known and as widely admired. But so feeble, so evidently unfit to fight was he, that his numerous friends entreated him to take a champion, and there were hundreds present who would have been but too glad to do battle in his behalf. The proud cavalier, however, refused, and presented himself duly armed in the lists; and then his twenty-one sureties, each of whom had pledged himself for a thousand marks, were, according to custom, released. All the imposing ceremonies we have described were gone through without making the slightest impression on the grim challenger. We revolt against describing such a fight as that which followed. Contrary to general anticipation it was long, and for a time even doubtful; Otho fought like a hero. But knightly spirit and matchless skill could not altogether make up for failing strength. The fatal stroke was dealt at last, and the victorious lord of Estavayer passed from the lists into oblivion amid universal execration.

A duel of similar origin but different result occurred in the reign of Richard II. Martilet, a Navarrese gentleman, furious with jealousy, followed Welsh, an English squire, from Gascony to London, and accused him of treason. Martilet was vanquished in the lists and, acknowledging his falsehood, was degraded and hanged. This ceremony of degradation varied like the others, but the form most approved of ran much as follows:—The unfortunate was placed on the centre of the scaffold beside the gibbet. Six priests standing round sang the psalms for the dead. At the close of each psalm the heralds took off a piece of his armour and threw it on the ground, crying three times, "This is the helmet, &c., of the false traitor so-and-so." His spurs were then chopped from his heels with a cleaver by the hangman, his sword broken over his head, and his shield tied reversed to the gibbet. The knight was next forced on his knees, and the priests laid their hands on his head and sang the 109th psalm. The king-at-arms then proclaimed him degraded from



nobility, and poured a basin of water on his head. He was afterwards let down from the scaffold by cords, placed in a dirty barrow, and trundled to the nearest church, where the funeral service was chanted over him. At its close he was delivered to the hangman and hung up, sometimes by the foot, sometimes by the neck. The ceremony frequently concluded with a proclamation, declaring the children of the degraded man ignoble, and forbidding them to bear arms or mix with gentlemen on pain of being whipped. But it must not be understood that degradation and execution were always inflicted on the vanquished. Inferior judges, indeed, were bound to carry out the laws to the letter. The lord paramount, however, frequently presided; and then it was usual to dispense with one penalty or both, according to the mediæval maxim—"The king's face should give grace." Thus Henry de Essex, standard-bearer of England, proved guilty of cowardice by duel in the reign of Henry II., was allowed to become a monk in the abbey of Reading.

A curious judicial combat was fought in London, July 14, 1380. The wife of the appellant, Sir John Anneslie, was a near relative of the renowned Chandos, and had inherited from him large domains won and held by the sword in France. The old warrior had entrusted Katrington, one of his squires, with the government of an important castle, and this squire had been continued in his command by Anneslie and his dame. The castle in question was one of the many that fell before the sweeping march, and, as French historians delight to recount, the prowess of Duguesclin. This duel, however, throws a light on Duguesclin's conquests, in which other means a little less glorious than military skill and valour are seen to play an important part. So early as the last year of Edward III. Sir John accused the squire of selling his charge to the French; but Katrington had powerful friends, among them the Duke of Lancaster, and their influence shielded him against his assailant during the first year of the minority of Richard II. Still Anneslie, obstinate in the right, kept the case prominently before the public; and that public, exasperated at length by a long series of similar losses, spoke out so strongly in 1380 concerning this particular case, that Katrington's noble patrons shrank from shielding him further, and the duel was ordered. "The concourse who came to see the contest was thought to exceed that at the coronation," says the homely chronicler; and every man was passionately interested in the event. The fight took place on foot, and the champions, therefore, dismounted at the wickets. There occurred a circumstance that, in pagan times, would have been accounted ominous. Anneslie's horse plunged neighing after his master, and, finding the barrier closed, thrust his head far over the palisades into the listed space. Any prohibited thing that entered the champ, becoming the property of the marshal, the Earl of Buckingham, who discharged that office on this occasion, claimed the animal—swearing that, come what might, he would have at least the trespassing head; and the horse was eventually awarded

to him. Richard himself presided, in the presence of nearly all the nobility of England. When taking the oath the conscience-smitten squire hesitated and equivocated to such an extent as to excite universal indignation. Even his prime supporter, the Duke of Lancaster, was disgusted, and roared out that he would have him hanged out of hand if he continued thus to palter. This at once restored John of Gaunt to the place in popular favour, which his manifest partiality for the traitor had done much to deprive him of. Stung by the sharp reproof, Katrington sprang to his feet unsworn. "Coward I am none!" cried he; "and I am ready to fight the knight in this or any other quarrel. But," he added, bluntly, "I trust more to my friends and the strength of my arm than to the justice of my cause, which, sooth to say, is scant." And well he might confide in his strength, for he was a giant in stature, and the knight among the most diminutive of the thousands present.

The sympathies of the spectators were all with Anneslie, and so were their apprehensions. Katrington, however, disappointed both friends and foes. He had fattened during years of inaction, his armour was ponderous and close, and the day was of the hottest. On the other hand, Anneslie was wiry and fleshless, hardened by constant exercise, and as nimble as a cat. Katrington was soon out of breath, and nearly stifled in his close helmet. One after another his weapons were struck from his grasp. At last he sank to the ground, unwounded indeed, but utterly exhausted. Anneslie appeared to have the fight in hand; but blinded by sweat and dust, he could not see exactly where his antagonist lay. Drawing his dagger he flung himself, as he thought, on Katrington, but missing his aim, fell stunned on the sand. Before he could recover, the squire picked himself up, and staggered to and fro, until, stumbling over Anneslie's legs, he fell with all his weight upon him. He was, however, too far spent to use his advantage, and after some short delay the king gave the signal, and the champions were parted. Anneslie, though undermost, was confident of winning, and begged to be left undisturbed, but in vain. The squire was raised and carried away, helpless and senseless, to his chair, while Anneslie, rising lightly, marched up to the royal chair, and entreated that the fight might be allowed to go on. As he was noisily seconded by the crowd, which looked rather unruly, this was granted. Anneslie, accordingly, was laid prostrate, but when they attempted to replace the squire, he fell heavily from his chair on his face. There was an end to the duel. Anneslie did not press for the infliction of the usual penalties, so Katrington was removed in a high fever, and died next morning.

A still more butcherly instance of the duel took place in Dublin, September, 1583. Teague MacGilpatrick O'Connor, a semi-wild chief from Connaught, accused Connor MacCormack O'Connor, another wild chief from the same province, before the Lords Justices and the Council, of killing and murdering his men, they being then under protection. This the appellant declared had been done by the simple plan of firing

their lodgings at midnight, and assailing them as they issued from the flames. The defendant admitted the deed, justified it on the plea that the slain men were rebels, and offered to prove his assertion by battle. He thus very completely turned the tables on his foe. Rebellion was a greater crime in the eyes of the Lords Justices than murder, and the original complainant was at once transformed into the defendant. One of the Lords Justices was Archbishop Loftus, but this worthy prelate, far from advocating peace by word and example, not only gave his fiat for the duel, but presided there in person, along with his coadjutor, Sir Henry Wallop. The quarrel was decided in the Castle yard, the manner on foot, the weapons sword, dagger, and targe, and the usual defensive armour. Having first been stripped to their shirts, and carefully searched for amulets by Mr. Secretary Fenton, the champions encountered. The homicide proved the better man-at-arms, and wounded the other O'Connor twice in the leg, and once in the eye. Finding the day go against him, the latter attempted to close, and to his misfortune succeeded. His antagonist proved quite as superior in strength as in skill, got his head into chancery, and pummelled with the hilt of his sword until he had knocked off his helmet. This done, the victor hammered away at the bare head, until, as an Hibernian author strangely phrases it, he had "knocked the seven senses out of it." Having achieved this extraordinary feat, Connor MacCormack O'Connor hacked off the victim's head with the victim's own sword, and presented the dainty morsel to the Lords Justices, who ordered it forthwith to be stuck on a pole for general contemplation and edification.

The duel was nearly as common among plebeians in the good old time as it was among gentlemen. Both classes mostly battled with men of their own order, but not exclusively. A plebeian, for fitting provocation, might challenge a gentleman; and a gentleman a plebeian. But the regulations of the duel were not favourable to such encounters. When the plebeian challenged the gentleman, the latter might appear mounted and armed; while his antagonist had to fight on foot in a woollen shirt, with a wooden shield and club. And when the gentleman challenged the peasant he was compelled, probably as a punishment for degrading nobility by such a combat, to forego the equipments of his rank, and adopt the unaccustomed fighting-gear of the peasant. Two such duels—one of each sort—are recorded in the annals of Saintonge. In the first, the knight, disdaining to use sword or lance, charged the villain and trampled him to death under his horse's heels; in the second, the villain had the advantage and endgelled his noble opponent to death. When villain met villain the ceremonies were the same as when knight met knight. Very annoying was this to nobility, which looked upon the whole thing as a disgraceful parody on chivalry, and generally did its utmost to discountenance it. The best instance that we have seen of judicial combat among the plebeians is given by Matthew de Coussy, which, condensed, runs as

follows :—In the year 1442 Mahiot Coquil, a diminutive tailor of Tournay, fell in love with the daughter of a shoemaker of the same place, and proposed in due form. Unfortunately for the course of true love in this instance, the immemorial feud between the tailors and the shoemakers was then very bitter at Tournay, so the father of the damsel received the suitor with contumely. Now contumely is a matter that varies much, according to the grade of society in which it appears. With the high-bred it is one thing; with the vulgar quite another. And as the maker of shoes was not refined, his ideas of contumely manifested themselves in sundry oaths, a big stick, and a bull-dog. The little tailor retreated rapidly from the interview, amid a good deal of cheering and jeering, and reached home minus some blood and a large portion of his nether garment, and plus several bruises and much malice. A few days after the doughty shoemaker was found lying on his face behind the church of St. Brice, with a large dent in the back of his head, and a knife planted deeply under his left shoulder-blade. There was no mistaking the tailor's handiwork; had he knocked the man down with his goose, and stabbed him with his shears, the thing could not have been clearer. Mahiot was sought for in all quarters, but could not be found; sundry garments which he had been employed to make were also missing. So the mob concluded that a certain busy personage "had run away with the little tailor, and the broad-cloth under his arm." They were mistaken; that consummation was yet at some distance. A few days after Mahiot turned up at Valenciennes, some twenty miles off, made his way to the town-hall of that city, laid down the necessary fees, and claimed to be admitted to the franchise, as he was entitled by the circumstances of his case. This requires a little explanation. Municipalities in the middle ages did not always depend on their natural advantages for increase of population. When a new town was founded, or an old one began to decay, people were tempted thither by the grant of immunities. These were often substantial, frequently unjust, and not seldom ridiculous. For instance, the Florentines, up to 1398, were empowered to use the first stray pilgrim they could lay hands on as hangman; the city of Altona was allowed to shelter the runaway rogues of Hamburg; and the good citizens of Villefranche, in the department of the Rhone, were chartered to beat their wives to any extent short of killing them. Foremost among those privileged places appeared Valenciennes. It was a veritable city of refuge, being empowered to shelter and admit to citizenship all homicides, not guilty of deliberate murder, who should present themselves. Intelligence was slow-paced in the middle ages. The magistrates of Valenciennes had heard nothing of the murder. Mahiot, therefore, gave his own version of his "difficulty" unquestioned, and was then and there admitted to the franchise. His repose, however, did not last long. Another wanderer from Tournay had taken up his abode in the city; but not being as yet a homicide he could not pretend to the franchise. This was Jacotin Pluvier, a near relative

of the dead shoemaker. He soon heard the story of the murder, discovered whither Mahiot had fled for shelter, and kept a sharp look-out for him. Nor was it long before he met him in the street. "Traitor!" roared he, running up to the assassin, "you have falsely and wickedly murdered my brother. Look well to yourself, my lad, for before long I shall certainly avenge him!" Pluvier was a stalwart fellow, six feet high if an inch, and muscular in proportion—as ugly a customer as a little tailor could meet with in anger. So Coquil thought, for he bore the insult with admirable patience, not uttering a single word in reply. Finding it impossible to provoke a quarrel, the giant stalked slowly off, shaking his fist and shouting threats until he got out of hearing. No sooner had that happened than Coquil hurried to the town-hall. "Sir Provost," said he, addressing that functionary, "not long ago I came to your town, in order to be secure from the consequences of the slaughter that I wrought on the body of so-and-so, and was admitted to your franchise. But in spite of this a resident here, one Jacotin Pluvier, comes to me very feloniously, calls me many infamous names, and declares that, franchise or no franchise, he will avenge the death of his relative. I demand that you do me right in this." All this was taken down by the clerk, and Mahiot removed to another room, while the provost and his brother magistrates sent at once in search of Pluvier, who was soon in attendance. The charge being read over to him, he was warned that such conduct "went much against the privileges of the town," and questioned as to the correctness of Mahiot's report. "Messieurs," replied Pluvier bluntly, "I say now as I said then, that Mahiot Coquil did treacherously murder my brother." "Be careful," warned the provost: "if you cannot maintain this with your body against his, we shall be compelled to make an example of you." The parties were then confronted; Jacotin threw down his glove, and Mahiot, seeing that there was no alternative, with some reluctance took it up. Both were afterwards arrested and conveyed, the tailor to a tower over one of the gates, and Jacotin to the common prison, a master-of-fence being assigned to each to teach them "*le tour de combat*"—the trick of fighting. But in other respects they were very unequally treated. Mahiot being a freeman and the defendant, his expenses were paid by the town, while Pluvier had to provide himself with all things during the months that elapsed between the challenge and the battle. And these months were many. In the first place, the magistrates spent not less than nine in deciding whether there should or should not be a fight; and in the second place, the Burgundian court passed about as many more in throwing obstacle after obstacle in the way of the duel, until the townsmen, firm to maintain their privileges, were on the verge of rebellion. It came off at last on the 20th of March, 1445, in the presence of the Duke and a countless multitude. The combatants were dressed in woollen shirts, without sleeves, that reached to the knees; their heads and feet were naked; they were provided with wooden shields,

and knotty clubs an ell in length ; and they were to fight until one should "remain dead on the spot, or, at least, be thrown out of the lists. "They encountered each other boldly," says the annalist, "and struck many heavy blows. And though Jacotin was so tall and strong, and Mahiot so shrivelled and weak, nevertheless the latter defended himself well, and even gave his antagonist a severe wound on the head. For, stooping nimbly, he scooped up a quantity of sand with the end of his shield, and threw it in Jacotin's eyes. This blinded the latter for a moment, and enabled Mahiot to deal him a blow that needed only a little more strength of arm to have proved fatal." As it was, it merely roused the recipient. Throwing down shield and club, he rushed fiercely at the tailor, disregarded his feeble strokes, thrust aside his weapon, and grasped him tight. Then raising him like an infant, he dashed him to the earth and threw himself upon him. "There he made him suffer a great *martyre*," says De Coussy. "In truth, it is a thing abominable to record, and, as was thought by many looking on, altogether unchristian." He gouged out his eyes with his nails, he crushed in his ribs with his knees, and finally throttling him into immobility, threw him sheer over the barriers. During this torture Mahiot called several times for a confessor, but when one came "he could finish nothing." He was abandoned, therefore, to the hangman, who dragged him by the heels to the gibbet, where he died as he was being strung up.

We have mentioned the care taken to prevent the combatants in judicial duels from carrying amulets. These things received as full credence in the days of old as the doctrines of the Church themselves. Indeed, of the two, it required the bolder heresy to doubt the talismans. These were of a hundred different sorts, and for as many different purposes. Some were intended to give success in love, others to preserve from bankruptcy or shipwreck, and others again to fortify against disease. There were amulets for all risks, notably those of battle. A sprig of broom, gathered with certain ceremonies on Midsummer eve, was greatly esteemed as a piece of defensive armour. Another, and far more fashionable amulet, was the *Bezoar stone*: this was a calculus found in the entrails of various animals, being most esteemed when produced by the rarest creature, and brought from the greatest distance. Tavernier, who wrote when the credit of such nostrums was in the last stage of decline, says that the value of the bezoar augmented with its weight, much like that of the diamond ; five or six bezoars, weighing an ounce, being sold for fifteen francs, while a single one of the same weight was worth at least a hundred. He adds that he himself sold a bezoar weighing four and a quarter ounces, for no less than 4,000 francs. It is hard to say whether it was more esteemed as a medicine or a charm, but in either case it was regarded as a universal and infallible specific. That shrewd and restless politician, St. Pol, always carried one about his person. He took it off previous to his execution, to send to his son ; but Louis XI., that



strange compound of clear intellect and superstition, intercepted the messenger, and seized the treasure for himself. Numbers of great captains are stated to have worn bezoars; some under the cuirass, others on the helmet, and one or two on the sword-hilt. Charles IX., however, and his physician Ambrose Paré, to a great extent destroyed the reputation of the bezoar. That King being at Clermont in 1565, a Spanish noble presented him with one of these stones. Charles and Paré, eager to prove its much lauded efficacy, procured a criminal under sentence of death, and offered him pardon should he submit to and survive the experiment they meditated. Confident in the virtues of the bezoar, the wretch gladly consented—was dosed with corrosive sublimate, and then treated with bezoar internally and externally—but died in fearful torture within a very few hours. Thenceforth warriors betook them to other preservatives. The most common were papers inscribed with characters exceedingly holy, or the very reverse. Such a one was found in the pocket of the Irish Colonel Skelton, who was killed at the siege of Limerick, in 1691. This paper contained the drawing of a wound, made by a spearhead, and the following strange inscription:—"This is the measure of the wounds of the side of our Saviour Jesus Christ, which was brought from Constantinople in a coffin of goulde, and is a most precious relique, to the end that he or she who carries the same about him, no fire nor water, no wind, tempest, knife, lance, or sword, nor the Devil cannot hurt him; and the woman with child the day she seeth the same measure shall not die a sudden death; and if any man carry the same about him with good devotion shall have the honour and victory of his inimy. The day that any doth read the same or hear it read, shall not die an evil death. Amen."

Decidedly the most valued of these defences was the magic shirt. It was prepared as follows:—On Christmas Eve, three young girls, under seven years of age, were to spin a thread, weave it into cloth, and sew it into a shirt between sunset and sunrise. The shirt was to reach from the neck to the thigh, and to be without sleeve. On the breast were to be embroidered two crosses and two heads. The head to the right was to wear a long beard and a helmet, and that to the left, "a crown resembling the crown worn by the devil." A shirt thus prepared was reputed invulnerable. Nor was this its only virtue. Females, it was believed, would find it even more powerful than the Irish talisman—especially if taken from the body of a dead man. For, says an antique dealer in this and other kinds of diablerie—"Contra vero tale inducum, vero tamen mortuo ereptum, a feminis luxuriosis quæri ferunt; quo indutæ non amplius gravescere perhibentur." Both these qualities, but especially the latter, were supposed to be as strong in saintly rags, or in the chemise worn by witch or wizard at the hour of death. We cannot specify the origin of the magic shirt, but we can trace its use back into those pagan times when Angyntyr wielded the sword Tyring in vain against the impenetrable

cassock of Udder. Bezoar, shirt, and scroll, were, however, liable to be detected, and removed in cases of judicial combat. This was a great drawback. But in time amulets were devised which defied the closest search. Some people, early in the forty days that preceded the conflict, causing their heads to be shaven, had characters of power traced on the bare poll, which the growth of the hair completely covered by the battle-day; others procured to be tattooed on their bodies characters ineradicable by any process short of flaying; while a third set had the charm inscribed thus:—"Teufel hilf mir, Leib und Seel' geb' ich Dir!"—"O Devil, help me! Body and Soul give I to thee"—and then doing the paper up into a pill, swallowed it immediately before the encounter. So common was the use of these and similar charms among fighting men, towards the close of the middle ages, that nearly every prisoner taken at the siege of Jemetz, 1588, was found provided with at least one.

Trial by battle being so common, and the parties having such large liberty of fighting by proxy, the champion's was by no means the least lucrative of mediæval professions. Nearly every religious establishment and municipality retained one permanently. The lords paramount, too, fell into the same practice, and added a fighting man to their retinue, with about the same standing and stipend as the chaplain, jester, and astrologer. In the earlier ages none could contend in the lists who had not a stake in the quarrel. And when it became customary to employ professional swords, it became equally the custom to give those who wielded them an interest beyond that of their mere hire in the event. This was done by attaching penalties to defeat. At first these penalties would seem to have been suggested by the laws of the era of conquest, an era when mutilation was a common offence, and when every mutilation had its own fine. Thus a defeated champion lost a finger, a hand, a limb, an eye, or even life itself, according to the magnitude of the cause entrusted to his skill. This extreme severity fell into disuse with the progress of time, except in capital matters. There, to the last, the champion who failed to vanquish perished with his principal. In the smaller suits, however, he merely lost his fee, or had his licence suspended or cancelled. But this punishment did not extend beyond the town or province, and was not always inflicted. In many quarters the champion received his fee whether he won or lost, if the judges decided that he had contended to the best of his ability. But the usages on this point were infinite and so were those on the amount of the fees. In some places the amount was fixed; in others a matter of contract. In several countries, our own among them, any man might act as champion; but in others the champion had to pass an examination and receive a certificate. The members of the profession did not bear a high character. Most of them were vagrants. An energetic preacher, a war, a pestilence, or a famine, was sure to spoil their trade, and send them in search of new quarters as effectually as defeat. They were great promoters, too, of the

quarrels they lived by; they acted as bravoës to gamblers and loose characters; and when other modes of living failed, they took willingly to the highways.

"*Duellum fuit, in Berne, inter virum et mulierem; sed mulier prævaluit.*" —"There was a duel at Berne between a woman and a man, but the woman conquered," says an old chronicle under date 1288. This kind of duel was common enough among the Teutonic races. Nor could it have been very unsuitable, that is, accepting the Empress Elizabeth and the Duchess Cymburga as fair specimens of the German woman in those ages —the ladies we have named being beauties, either of whom could crush a horseshoe out of all shape between her fingers. Breaches of promise and similar disputes were decided by duel in mediæval Germany, a faithless swain or errant husband having to meet his indignant victim hand to hand in the lists. In the approved form of this duel the dame was reduced to her chemise. One of its sleeves was lengthened for the occasion by about eighteen inches; and tied up in the end of this long sleeve was a neat paving-stone. The man was also stripped to his last garment, had his left arm tied close to his side, was furnished with a short baton, half an ell in length, and was clapped in a tub planted waist-deep in the ground. The lady manœuvred round the tub and struck at her antagonist with her sleeve, while he defended himself as best he could with his baton. He had, however, but a poor chance of triumph in such a contest against a thoroughbred termagant. She might, indeed, miscalculate her stroke and twine her sleeve round the baton. But even then she had by no means the worst of the contest, and was much more likely to disarm him than he was to pull her into the receptacle. Still the latter catastrophe must have occurred at times, or the manuscripts that deal with this species of duel, chiefly by lively drawings, would not have represented the female champion in one of these encounters, with her heels high in the air, and her head out of sight in the tub.

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## Lord Kilgobbin.

### CHAPTER VII.

#### THE COUSINS.



ONLY think of it!" cried Kate to her cousin, as she received Walpole's note. "Can you fancy, Nina, any one having the curiosity to imagine this old house worth a visit? Here is a polite request from two tourists to be allowed to see the—what is it?—the interesting interior of Kilgobbin Castle!"

"Which I hope and trust you will refuse. The people who are so eager for these things are invariably tiresome old bores, grubbing for antiquities, or intently bent on adding a chapter to their story of travel. You'll say no, dearest, won't you?"

"Certainly, if you wish it. I am not acquainted with Captain

Lockwood, nor his friend Mr. Cecil Walpole."

"Did you say Cecil Walpole?" cried the other, almost snatching the card from her fingers. "Of all the strange chances in life—this is the very strangest! What could have brought Cecil Walpole here?"

"You know him, then?"

"I should think I do! What duets have we not sung together? What waltzes have we not had? What rides over the Campagna? Oh dear! how I should like to talk over these old times again! Pray tell him he may come, Kate, or let me do it."

"And papa away!"

"It is the castle, dearest, he wants to see, not papa! You don't know what manner of creature this is! He is one of your refined and supremely cultivated English—mad about archaeology, and mediæval trumpery. He'll know all your ancestors intended by every insane piece of architecture, and every puzzling detail of this old house; and he'll light up every corner of it with some gleam of bright tradition."

"I thought these sort of people were bores, dear?" said Kate, with a sly malice in her look.

"Of course not. When they are well-bred, and well-mannered——"

"And perhaps well-looking?" chimed in Kate.

"Yes, and so he is—a little of the 'petit-maitre' perhaps. He's much of that school which fiction-writers describe as having 'finely-pencilled eyebrows and chins of almost womanlike roundness;' but people in Rome always called him handsome, that is, if he be my Cecil Walpole."

"Well, then, will you tell your Cecil Walpole, in such polite terms as you know how to coin, that there is really nothing of the very slightest pretension to interest in this old place; that we should be ashamed at having lent ourselves to the delusion that might have led him here; and lastly, that the owner is from home?"

"What! and is this the Irish hospitality I have heard so much of,—the cordial welcome the stranger may reckon on as a certainty, and make all his plans with the full confidence of meeting?"

"There is such a thing as discretion, also, to be remembered, Nina," said Kate, gravely.

"And then, there's the room where the king slept, and the chair that—no, not Oliver Cromwell, but somebody else sat in at supper, and there's the great patch painted on the floor where your ancestor knelt to be knighted."

"He was created a viscount, not a knight!" said Kate, blushing. "And there is a difference, I assure you."

"So there is, dearest, and even my foreign ignorance should know that much, and you have the parchment that attests it,—a most curious document, that Walpole would be delighted to see. I almost fancy him examining the curious old seal with his microscope, and hear him unfolding all sorts of details one never so much as suspected."

"Papa might not like it," said Kate, bridling up. "Even were he at home, I am far from certain he would receive these gentlemen. It is little more than a year ago there came here a certain book-writing tourist, and presented himself without introduction. We received him hospitably, and he stayed part of a week here. He was fond of antiquarianism, but more eager still about the condition of the people,—what kind of husbandry they practised, what wages they had, and what food. Papa took him over the whole estate, and answered all his questions freely and openly. And this man made a chapter of his book upon us, and headed it 'Rack-renting and riotous living,' distorting all he heard and sneering at all he saw."

"These are gentlemen, dearest Kate," said Nina, holding out the card. "Come now, do tell me that I may say you will be happy to see them?"

"If you must have it so—if you really insist——"

"I do! I do!" cried she, half wildly. "I should go distracted if you denied me. Oh, Kate! I must own it. It will out. I do cling devotedly

—terribly—to that old life of the past. I am very happy here, and you are all good, and kind, and loving to me; but that wayward, haphazard existence, with all its trials and miseries, had got little glimpses of such bliss at times that rose to actual ecstasy.”

“I was afraid of this,” said Kate, in a low but firm voice. “I thought what a change it would be for you from that life of brightness and festivity to this existence of dull and unbroken dreariness.”

“No, no, no! Don’t say that! Do not fancy that I am not happier than I ever was or ever believed I could be. It was the castle-building of that time that I was regretting. I imagined so many things, I invented such situations, such incidents, which, with this sad-coloured landscape here and that leaden sky, I have no force to conjure up. It is as though the atmosphere is too weighty for fancy to mount in it. You, my dearest Kate,” said she, drawing her arm round her, and pressing her towards her, “do not know these things, nor need ever know them. Your life is assured and safe. You cannot, indeed, be secure from the passing accidents of life, but they will meet you in a spirit able to confront them. As for me, I was always gambling for existence, and gambling without means to pay my losses if Fortune should turn against me. Do you understand me, child?”

“Only in part, if even that,” said she, slowly.

“Let us keep this theme, then, for another time. Now for *ces Messieurs*. I am to invite them?”

“If there was time to ask Miss O’Shea to come over——”

“Do you not fancy, Kate, that in your father’s house, surrounded with your father’s servants, you are sufficiently the mistress to do without a chaperonne? Only preserve that grand austere look you have listened to me with, these last ten minutes, and I should like to see the youthful audacity that could brave it. There, I shall go and write my note. You shall see how discreetly and properly I shall word it.”

Kate walked thoughtfully towards a window and looked out, while Nina skipped gaily down the room, and opened her writing-desk, humming an opera air as she wrote:—

“Kilgobbin Castle.

“DEAR MR. WALPOLE—

“I CAN scarcely tell you the pleasure I feel at the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, whichever be the most proper to say. My uncle is from home, and will not return till the day after to-morrow at dinner; but my cousin, Miss Kearney, charges me to say how happy she will be to receive you and your fellow-traveller at luncheon to-morrow. Pray not to trouble yourself with an answer, but believe me very sincerely yours,

“NINA KOSTALERGI.”

“I was right in saying luncheon, Kate, and not dinner—was I not? It is less formal.”



"I suppose so ; that is, if it was right to invite them at all, of which I have very great misgivings."

"I wonder what brought Cecil Walpole down here ?" said Nina, glad to turn the discussion into another channel. "Could he have heard that I was here? Probably not. It was a mere chance, I suppose. Strange things these same chances are, that do so much more in our lives than all our plottings !"

"Tell me something of your friend, perhaps I ought to say your admirer, Nina."

"Yes, very much my admirer ; not seriously, you know, but in that charming sort of adoration we cultivate abroad, that means anything or nothing. He was not titled, and I am afraid he was not rich, and this last misfortune used to make his attentions to me somewhat painful—to *him* I mean, not to *me* ; for, of course, as to anything serious, I looked much higher than a poor Secretary of Legation."

"Did you ?" asked Kate, with an air of quiet simplicity.

"I should hope I did," said she, haughtily ; and she threw a glance at herself in a large mirror, and smiled proudly at the bright image that confronted her. "Yes, darling, say it out," cried she, turning to Kate. "Your eyes have uttered the words already."

"What words ?"

"Something about insufferable vanity and conceit, and I own to both ! Oh, why is it that my high spirits have so run away with me this morning, that I have forgotten all reserve and all shame ? But the truth is, I feel half wild with joy, and joy in *my* nature is another name for recklessness."

"I sincerely hope not," said Kate, gravely. "At any rate, you give me another reason for wishing to have Miss O'Shea here."

"I will not have her—no, not for worlds, Kate, that odious old woman, with her stiff and antiquated propriety. Cecil would quizz her."

"I am very certain he would not ; at least, if he be such a perfect gentleman as you tell me."

"Ah, but you'd never know he did it. The fine tact of these consummate men of the world derives a humorous enjoyment in eccentricity of character, which never shows itself in any outward sign beyond the heightened pleasure they feel in what other folks might call dulness or mere oddity."

"I would not suffer an old friend to be made the subject of even such latent amusement."

"Nor her nephew, either, perhaps ?"

"The nephew could take care of himself, Nina ; but I am not aware that he will be called on to do so. He is not in Ireland, I believe."

"He was to arrive this week. You told me so."

"Perhaps I did ; I had forgotten it !" and Kate flushed as she spoke, though whether from shame or anger it was not easy to say. As though impatient with herself at any display of temper, she added, hurriedly, "Was

it not a piece of good fortune, Nina? Papa has left us the key of the cellar, a thing he never did before, and only now because you were here!"

"What an honoured guest I am!" said the other, smiling.

"That you are! I don't believe papa has gone once to the club since you came here."

"Now, if I were to own that I was vain of this, you'd rebuke me, would not you?"

"Our love could scarcely prompt to vanity."

"How shall I ever learn to be humble enough in a family of such humility?" said Nina, pettishly. Then quickly correcting herself, she said, "I'll go and despatch my note, and then I'll come back and ask your pardon for all my wilfulness, and tell you how much I thank you for all your goodness to me."

And as she spoke she bent down and kissed Kate's hand twice or thrice fervently.

"Oh, dearest Nina, not this—not this!" said Kate, trying to clasp her in her arms; but the other had slipped from her grasp, and was gone.

"Strange girl," muttered Kate, looking after her. "I wonder shall I ever understand you, or shall we ever understand each other?"

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## CHAPTER VIII

### SHOWING HOW FRIENDS MAY DIFFER.

THE morning broke drearily for our friends, the two pedestrians, at the "Blue Goat." A day of dull aspect and soft rain in midsummer has the added depression that it seems an anachronism. One is in a measure prepared for being weather-bound in winter. You accept imprisonment as the natural fortune of the season, or you brave the elements prepared to let them do their worst, while, if confined to house, you have that solace of snugness, that comfortable chimney-corner which somehow realizes an immense amount of the joys we concentrate in the word "Home." It is in the want of this rallying-point, this little domestic altar, where all gather together in a common worship, that lies the dreary discomfort of being weather-bound in summer, and when the prison is some small village inn, noisy, disorderly, and dirty, the misery is complete.

"Grand old pig that!" said Lockwood, as he gazed out upon the filthy yard, where a fat old sow contemplated the weather from the threshold of her dwelling.

"I wish she'd come out. I want to make a sketch of her," said the other.

"Even one's tobacco grows too damp to smoke in this blessed climate," said Lockwood, as he pitched his cigar away. "Heigh-ho! We're too late for the train to town, I see."

"You'd not go back, would you?"

"I should think I would! That old den in the upper Castle-yard is not very cheery or very nice, but there is a chair to sit on, and a review and a newspaper to read. A tour in a country and with a climate like this is a mistake."

"I suspect it is," said Walpole, drearily.

"There is nothing to see, no one to talk to, nowhere to stop at!"

"All true," muttered the other. "By the way, haven't we some plan or project for to-day—something about an old castle or an abbey to see?"

"Yes, and the waiter brought me a letter. I think it was addressed to you, and I left it on my dressing-table. I had forgotten all about it. I'll go and fetch it."

Short as his absence was, it gave Walpole time enough to recur to his late judgment on his tour, and once more call it a "mistake, a complete mistake." The Ireland of wits, dramatists, and romance-writers was a conventional thing, and bore no resemblance whatsoever to the rain-soaked, dreary-looking, depressed reality. "These Irish, they are odd without being droll, just as they are poor without being picturesque; but of all the delusions we nourish about them, there is not one so thoroughly absurd as to call them dangerous!"

He had just arrived at this mature opinion, when his friend re-entered and handed him the note.

"Here is a piece of luck. *Per Bacco!*" cried Walpole, as he ran over the lines. "This beats all I could have hoped for. Listen to this:—'Dear Mr. Walpole,—I cannot tell you the delight I feel in the prospect of seeing a dear friend, or a friend from dear Italy, which is it?'"

"Who writes this?"

"A certain Mademoiselle Kostalergi, whom I knew at Rome; one of the prettiest, cleverest, and nicest girls I ever met in my life."

"Not the daughter of that precious Count Kostalergi you have told me such stories of?"

"The same, but most unlike him in every way. She is here, apparently, with an uncle, who is now from home, and she and her cousin invite us to luncheon to-day."

"What a lark!" said the other, dryly.

"We'll go, of course?"

"In weather like this?"

"Why not? Shall we be better off staying here? I now begin to remember how the name of this place was so familiar to me. She was always asking me if I knew or heard of her mother's brother, the Lord Kilgobbin, and, to tell truth, I fancied some one had been hoaxing her with the name, and never believed that there was even a place with such a designation."

"Kilgobbin does not sound like a lordly title. How about Mademoiselle—what is the name?"

"Kostalergi; they call themselves princes."

"With all my heart. I was only going to say, as you've got a sort of knack of entanglement—is there, or has there been anything of that sort here?"

"Flirtation—a little of what is called 'spooning'—but no more. But why do you ask?"

"First of all, you are an engaged man."

"All true, and I mean to keep my engagement. I can't marry; however, till I get a mission, or something at home as good as a mission. Lady Maude knows that; her friends know it, but none of us imagine that we are to be miserable in the meantime."

"I'm not talking of misery. I'd only say, don't get yourself into any mess. These foreign girls are very wide awake."

"Don't believe that, Harry; one of our home-bred damsels would give them a distance and beat them in the race for a husband. It's only in England girls are trained to angle for marriage, take my word for it."

"Be it so—I only warn you that if you get into any scrape I'll accept none of the consequences. Lord Danesbury is ready enough to say that, because I am some ten years older than you, I should have kept you out of mischief. I never contracted for such a bear-leadership; though I certainly told Lady Maude I'd turn Queen's evidence against you if you became a traitor."

"I wonder you never told me that before," said Walpole, with some irritation of manner.

"I only wonder that I told it now!" replied the other, gruffly.

"Then I am to take it, that in your office of guardian you'd rather we'd decline this invitation, eh?"

"I don't care a rush for it either way, but looking to the sort of day it is out there, I incline to keep the house."

"I don't mind bad weather, and I'll go," said Walpole, in a way that showed temper was involved in the resolution.

Lockwood made no other reply than heaping a quantity of turf on the fire, and seating himself beside it.

When a man tells his fellow-traveller that he means to go his own road—that companionship has no tie upon him—he virtually declares the partnership dissolved; and while Lockwood sat reflecting over this, he was also canvassing with himself how far he might have been to blame in provoking this hasty resolution.

"Perhaps he was irritated at my counsels, perhaps the notion of anything like guidance offended him; perhaps it was the phrase, bear-leadership, and the half threat of betraying him, has done the mischief." Now the gallant soldier was a slow thinker; it took him a deal of time to arrange the details of any matter in his mind, and when he tried to muster his ideas there were many which would not answer the call, and of those which came, there were not a few which seemed to present themselves in a refractory and unwilling spirit, so that he had almost to suppress a mutiny before he proceeded to his inspection.

Nor did the strong cheroots, which he smoked to clear his faculties and develop his mental resources, always contribute to this end, though their soothing influence certainly helped to make him more satisfied with his judgments.

"Now, look here, Walpole," said he, determining that he would save himself all unnecessary labour of thought by throwing the burden of the case on the respondent,—“look here: take a calm view of this thing, and see if it's quite wise in you to go back into trammels it cost you some trouble to escape from. You call it spooning, but you won't deny you went very far with that young woman—farther I suspect than you've told me yet. Eh! is that true or not?”

He waited a reasonable time for a reply, but none coming, he went on: “I don't want a forced confidence. You may say it's no business of mine, and there I agree with you, and probably if you put *me* to the question in the same fashion, I'd give you a very short answer. Remember one thing, however, old fellow: I've seen a precious deal more of life and the world than you have! From sixteen years of age, when *you* were hammering away at Greek verbs and some such balderdash at Oxford, I was up at Rangoon with the very fastest set of men—ay, of women too—I ever lived with in all my life. Half of our fellows were killed off by it. Of course people will say climate, climate! but if I was to give you the history of one day—just twenty-four hours of our life up there—you'd say that the wonder is there's any one alive to tell it.”

He turned around at this, to enjoy the expression of horror and surprise he hoped to have called up, and perceived for the first time that he was alone. He rang the bell, and asked the waiter where the other gentleman had gone, and learned that he had ordered a car, and set out for Kilgobbin Castle more than half-an-hour before.

“All right,” said he, fiercely. “I wash my hands of it altogether! I'm heartily glad I told him so before he went.” He smoked on very vigorously for half-an-hour, the burden of his thoughts being perhaps revealed by the summing-up, as he said, “And when you are ‘in for it,’ Master Cecil, and some precious scrape it will be, if I move hand or foot to pull you through it, call me a Major of Marines, that's all—just call me a Major of Marines!” The ineffable horror of such an imputation served as matter for reverie for hours.

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#### CHAPTER IX.

##### A DRIVE THROUGH A BOG.

WHILE Lockwood continued thus to doubt and debate with himself, Walpole was already some miles on his way to Kilgobbin. Not, indeed, that he had made any remarkable progress, for the “mare that was to rowl his honour over in an hour and half,” had to be taken from the field where she had been plunging since daybreak, while “the boy” that

should drive her, was a little old man who had to be aroused from a condition of drunkenness in a hayloft, and installed in his office.

Nor were these the only difficulties. The roads that led through the bog were so numerous and so completely alike that it only needed the dense atmosphere of a rainy day to make it matter of great difficulty to discover the right track. More than once were they obliged to retrace their steps after a considerable distance, and the driver's impatience always took the shape of a reproach to Walpole, who, having nothing else to do, should surely have minded where they were going. Now, not only was the traveller utterly ignorant of the geography of the land he journeyed in, but his thoughts were far and away from the scenes around him. Very scattered and desultory thoughts were they, at one time over the Alps and with "long-agoes:" nights at Rome clashing with mornings on the Campagna; vast salons crowded with people of many nations, all more or less busy with that great traffic which, whether it take the form of religion, or politics, or social intrigue, hate, love or rivalry, makes up what we call "the world;" or there were sunsets dying away rapidly—as they will do—over that great plain outside the city, whereon solitude and silence are as much masters as on a vast prairie of the West; and he thought of times when he rode back at nightfall beside Nina Kostalergi, when little flashes would cross them of that romance that very worldly folk now and then taste of, and delight in with a zest all the greater that the sensation is so new and strange to them. Then there was the revulsion from the blaze of waxlights and the glitter of diamonds, the crash of orchestras and the din of conversation, the intoxication of the flattery that champagne only seems to "accentuate" to the unbroken stillness of the hour, when even the footfall of the horse is unheard, and a dreamy doubt that this quietude, this soothing sense of calm, is higher happiness than all the glitter and all the splendour of the ball-room, and that in the dropping words we now exchange, and in the stray glances, there is a significance and an exquisite delight we never felt till now; for, glorious as is the thought of a returned affection, full of ecstasy, the sense of a heart all, all our own, there is in the first half-doubtful, distrustful feeling of falling in love, with all its chances of success or failure, something that has its moments of bliss nothing of earthly delight can ever equal. To the verge of that possibility Walpole had reached—but gone no further—with Nina Kostalergi. The young men of the age are an eminently calculating and prudent class, and they count the cost of an action with a marvellous amount of accuracy. Is it the turf and its teachings to which this crafty and cold-blooded spirit is owing? Have they learned to "square their book" on life by the lessons of Ascot and Newmarket, and seen that, no matter how probably they "stand to win" on this, they must provide for that, and that no caution or foresight is enough that will not embrace every casualty of any venture?

There is no need to tell a younger son of the period that he must not marry a pretty girl of doubtful family and no fortune. He may



have his doubts on scores of subjects : he may not be quite sure whether he ought to remain a Whig with Lord Russell, or go in for Odgerism and the ballot ; he may be uncertain about Colenso, and have his misgivings about the Pentateuch ; he may not be easy in his mind about the Russians in the East, or the Americans in the West ; uncomfortable suspicions may cross him that the Volunteers are not as quick in evolution as the Zouaves, or that England generally does not sing " Rule Britannia " so lustily as she used to do. All these are possible misgivings, but that he should take such a plunge as matrimony, on other grounds than the perfect prudence and profit of the investment, could never occur to him.

As to the sinfulness of tampering with a girl's affections by what in slang is called " spooning," it was purely absurd to think of it. You might as well say that playing sixpenny whist made a man a gambler. And then, as to the spooning, it was *partie égale*, the lady was no worse off than the gentleman. If there were by any hazard—and this he was disposed to doubt—" affections " at stake, the man " stood to lose " as much as the woman. But this was not the aspect in which the case presented itself, flirtation being, in his idea, to marriage—what the preliminary canter is to the race—something to indicate the future, but so dimly and doubtfully as not to decide the hesitation of the waverer.

If, then, Walpole was never for a moment what mothers call serious in his attentions to Mdlle. Kostalergi, he was not the less fond of her society ; he frequented the places where she was likely to be met with, and paid her that degree of " court " that only stopped short of being particular by his natural caution. There was the more need for the exercise of this quality at Rome, since there were many there who knew of his engagement with his cousin, Lady Maude, and who would not have hesitated to report on any breach of fidelity. Now, however, all these restraints were withdrawn. They were not in Italy, where London, by a change of venue, takes its " records " to be tried in the dull days of winter. They were in Ireland, and in a remote spot of Ireland, where there were no gossips, no clubs, no afternoon-tea committees, to sit on reputations, and was it not pleasant now to see this nice girl again in perfect freedom ? These were, loosely stated, the thoughts which occupied him as he went along, very little disposed to mind how often the puzzled driver halted to decide the road, or how frequently he retraced miles of distance. Men of the world, especially when young in life, and more realistic than they will be twenty years later, proud of the incredulity they can feel on the score of everything and everybody, are often fond of making themselves heroes to their own hearts of some little romance, which shall not cost them dearly to indulge in, and merely engage some loose-lying sympathies without in any way prejudicing their road in life. They accept of these sentimentalities, as the vicar's wife did the sheep in the picture, pleased to " have as many as the painter would put in for nothing."

Now, Cecil Walpole never intended that this little Irish episode—and

episode he determined it should be—should in any degree affect the serious fortunes of his life. He was engaged to his cousin, Lady Maude Bickerstaffe, and they would be married some day. Not that either was very impatient to exchange present comfort—and, on her side, affluence—for a marriage on small means, and no great prospects beyond that. They were not much in love. Walpole knew that the Lady Maude's fortune was small, but the man who married her must "be taken care of," and by either side, for there were as many Tories as Whigs in the family, and Lady Maude knew that half-a-dozen years ago, she would certainly not have accepted Walpole; but that with every year her chances of a better *parti* were diminishing; and, worse than all this, each was well aware of the inducements by which the other was influenced. Nor did the knowledge in any way detract from their self-complacency or satisfaction with the match.

Lady Maude was to accompany her uncle to Ireland, and do the honours of his court, for he was a bachelor, and pleaded hard with his party on that score to be let off accepting the vicereignty.

Lady Maude, however, had not yet arrived, and even if she had, how should she ever hear of an adventure in the Bog of Allen!

But was there to be an adventure? and, if so, what sort of adventure? Irishmen, Walpole had heard, had all the jealousy about their women, that characterizes savage races, and were ready to resent what, in civilized people, no one would dream of regarding as matter for umbrage. Well, then, it was only to be more cautious—more on one's guard—besides the tact, too, which a knowledge of life should give —

"Eh, what's this? Why are you stopping here?" This was addressed now to the driver, who had descended from his box, and was standing in advance of the horse.

"Why don't I drive on, is it?" asked he in a voice of despair. "Sure, there's no road."

"And does it stop here?" cried Walpole, in horror, for he now perceived that the road really came to an abrupt ending in the midst of the bog.

"Begorra, it's just what it does. Ye see, your honour," added he, in a confidential tone, "it's one of them tricks the English played us in the year of the famine. They got two millions of money to make roads in Ireland, but they were so afraid it would make us prosperous and richer than themselves, that they set about making roads that go nowhere. Sometimes to the top of a mountain, or down to the sea, where there was no harbour, and sometimes, like this one, into the heart of a bog."

"That was very spiteful and very mean, too," said Walpole.

"Wasn't it just mean, and nothing else! and it's five miles we'll have to go back now to the cross-roads. Begorra, your honour, it's a good dhrink ye'll have to give me for this day's work."

"You forget, my friend, that but for your own confounded stupidity I should have been at Kilgobbin Castle by this time."

"And ye'll be there yet, with God's help!" said he, turning the horse's head. "Bad-luck to them for the road-making, and it's a pity, after all, it goes nowhere, for it's the nicest bit to travel in the whole country."

"Come now, jump up, old fellow, and make your beast step out. I don't want to pass the night here."

"You wouldn't have a dhrop of whisky with your honour?"

"Of course not."

"Nor even brandy?"

"No, not even brandy."

"Musha, I'm thinking you must be English," muttered he, half sulkily.

"And if I were, is there any great harm in that?"

"By coorse not; how could ye help it? I suppose we'd all of us be better if we could. Sit a bit more forward, your honour; the bellyband does be lifting her, and as you're doing nothing, just give her a welt of that stick in your hand, now and then, for I lost the lash off my whip, and I've nothing but this!" And he displayed the short handle of what had once been a whip, with a thong of leather dangling at the end.

"I must say, I wasn't aware that I was to have worked my passage," said Walpole, with something between drollery and irritation.

"She doesn't care for bating—stick her with the end of it. That's the way. We'll get on elegant now. I suppose you was never here before?"

"No; and I think I can promise you I'll not come again."

"I hope you will, then, and many a time too. This is the Bog of Allen you're travelling now, and they tell there's not the like of it in the three kingdoms."

"I trust there's not!"

"The English, they say, has no bogs. Nothing but coal."

"Quite true."

"Erin, ma boucheal you are! first gem of the say! that's what Dan O'Connell always called you. Are you gettin' tired with the stick?"

"I'm tired of your wretched old beast, and your car, and yourself, too," said Walpole; "and if I were sure that was the Castle yonder, I'd make my way straight to it on foot."

"And why wouldn't you, if your honour liked it best? Why would ye be beholden to a car if you'd rather walk. Only mind the bog-holes: for there's twenty feet of water in some of them, and the sides is so straight, you'll never get out if you fall in."

"Drive on, then. I'll remain where I am; but don't bother me with your talk; and no more questioning."

"By coorse I won't—why would I? Isn't your honour a gentleman, and haven't you a right to say what you plaze; and what am I but a poor boy, earning his bread, just the way it is all through the world; some has everything they want and more besides, and others hasn't a stitch to their backs, or maybe a pinch of tobacco to put in a pipe."

This appeal was timed by seeing that Walpole had just lighted a fresh cigar, whose fragrant fumes were wafted across the speaker's nose.

Firm to his determination to maintain silence, Walpole paid no attention to the speech, nor uttered a word of any kind; and as a light drizzling rain had now begun to fall, and obliged him to shelter himself under an umbrella, he was at length saved from his companion's loquacity. Baffled, but not beaten, the old fellow began to sing, at first in a low, droning tone; but growing louder as the fire of patriotism warmed him, he shouted, to a very wild and somewhat irregular tune, a ballad, of which Walpole could not but hear the words occasionally, while the tramping of the fellow's feet on the foot-board kept time to his song:—

'Tis our fun they can't forgive us,  
Nor our wit so sharp and keen;  
But there's nothing that provokes them  
Like our wearin' of the green.  
They thought Poverty would bate us,  
But we'd sell our last "boneen"  
And we'd live on could paytates,  
All for wearin' of the green.  
Oh, the wearin' of the green—the wearin' of the green!  
'Tis the colour best becomes us  
Is the wearin' of the green!

"Here's a cigar for you, old fellow, and stop that infernal chant."

"There's only five verses more, and I'll sing them for your honour before I light the baccy."

"If you do, then, you shall never light baccy of mine. Can't you see that your confounded song is driving me mad?"

"Faix, ye're the first I ever see disliked music," muttered he, in a tone almost compassionate.

And now as Walpole raised the collar of his coat to defend his ears, and prepared, as well as he might, to resist the weather, he muttered, "And this is the beautiful land of scenery; and this the climate; and this the amusing and witty peasant we read of. I have half a mind to tell the world how it has been humbugged!" And thus musing, he jogged on the dreary road, nor raised his head till the heavy clash of an iron gate aroused him, and he saw that they were driving along an approach, with some clumps of pretty but young timber on either side.

"Here we are, your honour, safe and sound," cried the driver, as proudly as if he had not been five hours over what should have been done in one and a half. "This is Kilgobbin. All the ould trees was cut down by Oliver Cromwell, they say, but there will be a fine wood here yet. That's the castle you see yonder, over them trees; but there's no flag flying. The lord's away. I suppose I'll have to wait for your honour? You'll be coming back with me?"

"Yes, you'll have to wait." And Walpole looked at his watch, and saw it was already past five o'clock.

## CHAPTER X.

## THE SEARCH FOR ARMS.

WHEN the hour of luncheon came, and no guests made their appearance, the young girls at the castle began to discuss what they should best do. "I know nothing of fine people and their ways," said Kate; "you must take the whole direction here, Nina."

"It is only a question of time, and a cold luncheon can wait without difficulty."

And so they waited till three, then till four, and now it was five o'clock; when Kate, who had been over the kitchen-garden, and the calves' paddock, and inspecting a small tract laid out for a nursery, came back to the house very tired, and, as she said, also very hungry. "You know, Nina," said she, entering the room, "I ordered no dinner to-day. I speculated on our making our dinner when your friends lunched; and as they have not lunched, we have not dined; and I vote we sit down now. I'm afraid I shall not be as pleasant company as that Mr. — do tell me his name—Walpole—but I pledge myself to have as good an appetite."

Nina made no answer. She stood at the open window; her gaze steadily bent on the strip of narrow road that traversed the wide moor before her.

"Ain't you hungry? I mean, ain't you famished, child?" asked Kate.

"No, I don't think so. I could eat, but I believe I could go without eating just as well."

"Well, I must dine; and if you were not looking so nice and fresh, with a rose-bud in your hair and your white dress so daintily looped up, I'd ask leave not to dress."

"If you were to smooth your hair, and, perhaps, change your boots—

"Oh, I know, and become in every respect a little civilized. My poor dear cousin, what a mission you have undertaken among the savages. Own it honestly, you never guessed the task that was before you when you came here."

"Oh, it's very nice savagery, all the same," said the other, smiling pleasantly.

"There now!" cried Kate, as she threw her hat to one side, and stood arranging her hair before the glass. "I make this toilette under protest, for we are going in to luncheon, not dinner, and all the world knows, and all the illustrated newspapers show, that people do not dress for lunch. And, by the way, that is something you have not got in Italy. All the women gathering together in their garden-bonnets and their morning muslins, and the men in their knickerbockers and their coarse tweed coats."

"I declare I think you are in better spirits since you see these people are not coming."

"It is true. You have guessed it, dearest. The thought of anything

grand—as a visitor; anything that would for a moment suggest the unpleasant question, Is this right? or, Is that usual? makes me downright irritable. Come, are you ready? May I offer you my arm?”

And now they were at table, Kate rattling away in unwonted gaiety, and trying to rally Nina out of her disappointment.

“I declare, Nina, everything is so pretty I’m ashamed to eat. Those chickens near you are the least ornamental things I see. Cut me off a wing. Oh, I forgot, you never acquired the barbarous art of carving.”

“I can cut this,” said Nina, drawing a dish of tongue towards her.

“What! that marvellous production like a parterre of flowers? It would be downright profanation to destroy it.”

“Then shall I give you some of this, Kate?”

“Why, child, that is strawberry-cream. But I cannot eat all alone; do help yourself.”

“I shall take something by-and-by.”

“What do young ladies in Italy eat when they are—no, I don’t mean in love—I shall call it—in despair?”

“Give me some of that white wine beside you. There! don’t you hear a noise? I’m certain I heard the sound of wheels.”

“Most sincerely, I trust not. I wouldn’t for anything these people should break in upon us now. If my brother Dick should drop in I’d welcome him, and he would make our little party perfect. Do you know, Nina, Dick can be so jolly. What’s that? there are voices there without.”

As she spoke the door was opened, and Walpole entered. The young girls had but time to rise from their seats, when—they never could exactly say how—they found themselves shaking hands with him in great cordiality.

“And your friend—where is he?”

“Nursing a sore throat, or a sprained ankle, or a something or other. Shall I confess it,—as only a suspicion on my part, however,—that I do believe he was too much shocked at the outrageous liberty I took in asking to be admitted here to accept any partnership in the impertinence?”

“We expected you at two or three o’clock,” said Nina.

“And shall I tell you why I was not here before? Perhaps you’ll scarcely credit me when I say I have been five hours on the road.”

“Five hours! How did you manage that?”

“In this way. I started a few minutes after twelve from the inn—I on foot, the car to overtake me.” And he went on to give a narrative of his wanderings over the bog, imitating, as well as he could, the driver’s conversations with him, and the reproaches he vented on his inattention to the road. Kate enjoyed the story with all the humouristic fun of one who knew thoroughly how the peasant had been playing with the gentleman, just for the indulgence of that strange sarcastic temper that underlies the Irish nature; and she could fancy how much more droll it would have been to have heard the narrative as told by the driver of the car.



"And don't you like his song, Mr. Walpole?"

"What, 'The Wearing of the Green?' It was the dreariest dirge I ever listened to."

"Come, you shall not say so. When we go into the drawing-room Nina shall sing it for you, and I'll wager you recant your opinion."

"And do you sing rebel canticles, Mademoiselle Kostalergi?"

"Yes, I do all my cousin bids me. I wear a red cloak. How is it called?"

"Connemara?"

Nina nodded. "That's the name, but I'm not going to say it; and when we go abroad—that is, on the bog there, for a walk—we dress in green petticoats and wear very thick shoes."

"And, in a word, are very generally barbarous."

"Well, if you be really barbarians," said Walpole, filling his glass, "I wonder what I would not give to be allowed to join the tribe."

"Oh, you'd want to be a sachem, or a chief, or a mystery-man at least; and we couldn't permit that," cried Kate.

"No; I crave admission as the humblest of your followers."

"Shall we put him to the test, Nina?"

"How do you mean?" cried the other.

"Make him take a Ribbon oath, or the pledge of a United Irishman. I've copies of both in papa's study."

"I should like to see these immensely," said Walpole.

"I'll see if I can't find them," cried Kate, rising, and hastening away.

For some seconds after she left the room there was perfect silence. Walpole tried to catch Nina's eye before he spoke, but she continued steadily to look down, and did not once raise her lids. "Is she not very nice—is she not very beautiful?" asked she, in a low voice.

"It is of *you* I want to speak." And he drew his chair closer to her, and tried to take her hand, but she withdrew it quickly, and moved slightly away.

"If you knew the delight it is to me to see you again, Nina—well, Mademoiselle Kostalergi. Must it be Mademoiselle?"

"I don't remember it was ever 'Nina,'" said she, coldly.

"Perhaps only in my thoughts. To my heart, I can swear, you were Nina. But tell me how you came here, and when, and for how long, for I want to know all. Speak to me, I beseech you. She'll be back in a moment, and when shall I have another instant alone with you like this? Tell me how you came amongst them, and are they really all rebels?"

Kate entered at the instant, saying, "I can't find it, but I'll have a good search to-morrow, for I know it's there."

"Do, by all means, Kate, for Mr. Walpole is very anxious to learn if he be admitted legitimately into this brotherhood—whatever it be; he has just asked me if we were really all rebels here."

"I trust he does not suppose I would deceive him," said Kate,

gravely. "And when he hears you sing 'The blackened hearth—the fallen roof,' he'll not question *you*, Nina. Do you know that song, Mr. Walpole?"

He smiled as he said "No."

"Won't it be so nice," said she, "to catch a fresh ingenuous Saxon wandering innocently over the Bog of Allen, and send him back to his friends a Fenian!"

"Make me what you please, but don't send me away."

"Tell me, really, what would you do if we made you take the oath?"

"Betray you, of course, the moment I got up to Dublin."

Nina's eyes flashed angrily, as though such jesting was an offence.

"No, no, the shame of such treason would be intolerable; but you'd go your way, and behave as though you never saw us."

"Oh, he could do that without the inducement of a perjury," said Nina, in Italian; and then added aloud, "Let's go and make some music. Mr. Walpole sings charmingly, Kate, and is very obliging about it—at least, he used to be."

"I am all that I used to be—towards that," whispered he, as she passed him to take Kate's arm and walk away.

"You don't seem to have a thick neighbourhood about you," said Walpole. "Have you any people living near?"

"Yes, we have a dear old friend—a Miss O'Shea, a maiden lady, who lives a few miles off. By the way, there's something to show you—an old maid, who hunts her own harriers."

"What! are you in earnest?"

"On my word, it is true! Nina can't endure her; but Nina doesn't care for hare-hunting, and, I'm afraid to say, never saw a badger drawn in her life."

"And have you?" asked he, almost with horror in his tone.

"I'll show you three regular little turnspit dogs to-morrow that will answer that question."

"How I wish Lockwood had come out here with me," said Walpole, almost uttering a thought.

"That is, you wish he had seen a bit of barbarous Ireland he'd scarcely credit from mere description. But perhaps I'd have been better behaved before him. I'm treating you with all the freedom of an old friend of my cousin's."

Nina had meanwhile opened the piano, and was letting her hands stray over the instrument in occasional chords; and then, in a low voice, that barely blended its tones with the accompaniment, she sang one of those little popular songs of Italy, called "Stornelli,"—wild, fanciful melodies, —with that blended gaiety and sadness which the songs of a people are so often marked by.

"That is a very old favourite of mine," said Walpole, approaching the piano as noiselessly as though he feared to disturb the singer; and

now he stole into a chair at her side. "How that song makes me wish we were back again, where I heard it first," whispered he gently.

"I forget where that was," said she carelessly.

"No, Nina, you do not," said he eagerly; "it was at Albano, the day we all went to Pallavicini's villa."

"And I sung a little French song, 'Si vous n'avez rien à me dire,' which you were vain enough to imagine was a question addressed to yourself; and you made me a sort of declaration; do you remember all that?"

"Every word of it."

"Why don't you go and speak to my cousin; she has opened the window and gone out upon the terrace, and I trust you understand that she expects you to follow her." There was a studied calm in the way she spoke, that showed she was exerting considerable self-control.

"No, no, Nina, it is with you I desire to speak; to see you, that I have come here."

"And so you do remember that you made me a declaration. It made me laugh afterwards as I thought it over."

"Made you laugh!"

"Yes, I laughed to myself at the ingenious way in which you conveyed to me, what an imprudence it was in you to fall in love with a girl who had no fortune, and the shock it would give your friends when they should hear she was a Greek."

"How can you say such painful things, Nina? how can you be so pitiless as this?"

"It was you who had no pity, sir; I felt a deal of pity; I will not deny it was for myself. I don't pretend to say that I could give a correct version of the way in which you conveyed to me the pain it gave you that I was not a princess, a Borromeo, or a Colonna, or an Altieri. That Greek adventurer, yes,—you cannot deny it, I overheard these words myself. You were talking to an English girl, a tall, rather handsome person she was,—I shall remember her name in a moment if you cannot help me to it sooner—a Lady Bickerstaffe——"

"Yes, there was a Lady Maude Bickerstaffe; she merely passed through Rome for Naples."

"You called her a cousin, I remember."

"There is some consinship between us; I forget exactly in what degree."

"Do try and remember a little more; remember that you forgot you had engaged me for the cotillon, and drove away with that blonde beauty—and she was a beauty, or had been a few years before—at all events you lost all memory of the daughter of the adventurer."

"You will drive me distracted, Nina, if you say such things."

"I know it is wrong and it is cruel, and it is worse than wrong and cruel, it is what you English call underbred, to be so individually disagreeable, but this grievance of mine has been weighing very heavily on my heart, and I have been longing to tell you so."

"Why are you not singing, Nina?" cried Kate from the terrace. "You told me of a duet, and I think you are bent on having it without music."

"Yes, we are quarrelling fiercely," said Nina. "This gentleman has been rash enough to remind me of an unsettled score between us, and as he is the defaulter——"

"I dispute the debt."

"Shall I be the judge between you?" asked Kate.

"On no account; my claim once disputed, I surrender it," said Nina.

"I must say you are very charming company. You won't sing, and you'll only talk to say disagreeable things. Shall I make tea and see if it will render you more amiable?"

"Do so, dearest, and then show Mr. Walpole the house; he has forgotten what brought him here, I really believe."

"You know that I have not," muttered he in a tone of deep meaning.

"There's no light now to show him the house; Mr. Walpole must come to-morrow, when papa will be at home and delighted to see him."

"May I really do this?"

"Perhaps, besides, your friend will have found the little inn so insupportable, that he too will join us. Listen to that sigh of poor Nina's, and you'll understand what it is to be dreary!"

"No; I want my tea."

"And it shall have it," said Kate, kissing her with a petting affectation, as she left the room.

"Now one word, only one," said Walpole, as he drew his chair close to her: "If I swear to you——"

"What's that? who is Kate angry with?" cried Nina, rising and rushing towards the door. "What has happened?"

"I'll tell you what has happened," said Kate, as with flashing eyes and heightened colour she entered the room. "The large gate of the outer yard, that is every night locked and strongly barred at sunset, has been left open, and they tell me that three men have come in, Sally says five, and are hiding in some of the outhouses."

"What for? Is it to rob, think you?" asked Walpole.

"It is certainly for nothing good. They all know that papa is away, and the house so far unprotected," continued Kate, calmly. "We must find out to-morrow who has left the gate unbolted. This was no accident, and now that they are setting fire to the ricks all around us, it is no time for carelessness."

"Shall we search the offices and the outbuildings?" asked Walpole.

"Of course not; we must stand by the house and take care that they do not enter it. It's a strong old place, and even if they forced an entrance below, they couldn't set fire to it."

"Could they force their way up?" asked Walpole.

"Not if the people above have any courage. Just come and look at the stair; it was made in times when people thought of defending themselves." They issued forth now together to the top of the landing, where a narrow, steep flight of stone steps descended between two walls to the basement-story. A little more than half-way down was a low iron gate or grille of considerable strength; though, not being above four feet in height, it could have been no great defence, which seemed, after all, to have been its intention. "When this is closed," said Kate, shutting it with a heavy bang, "it's not such easy work to pass up against two or three resolute people at the top; and see here," added she, showing a deep niche or alcove in the wall, "this was evidently meant for the sentry who watched the wicket; he could stand here out of the reach of all fire."

"Would you not say she was longing for a conflict?" said Nina, gazing at her.

"No, but if it comes I'll not decline it."

"You mean you'll defend the stair?" asked Walpole.

She nodded assent.

"What arms have you?"

"Plenty; come and look at them. Here," said she, entering the dining-room, and pointing to a large oak sideboard covered with weapons,—"here is probably what has led these people here. They are going through the country latterly on every side, in search of arms. I believe this is almost the only house where they have not called."

"And do they go away quietly when their demands are complied with?"

"Yes, when they chance upon people of poor courage they leave them with life enough to tell the story.—What is it, Mathew?" asked she of the old serving-man who entered the room.

"It's the 'boys,' Miss, and they want to talk to you, if you'll step out on the terrace. They don't mean any harm at all."

"What do they want, then?"

"Just a spare gun or two, Miss, or an ould pistol, or a thing of the kind that was no use."

"Was it not brave of them to come here, when my father was from home? Aren't they fine courageous creatures to come and frighten two lone girls—eh, Mat?"

"Don't anger them, Miss, for the love of Joseph! don't say anything hard; let me hand them that ould carbine there, and the fowling-piece; and if you'd give them a pair of horse-pistols, I'm sure they'd go away quiet."

A loud noise of knocking, as though with a stone, at the outer door broke in upon the colloquy, and Kate passed into the drawing-room, and opened the window, out upon the stone terrace which overlooked the yard: "Who is there?—who are you?—what do you want?" cried she, peering down into the darkness, which, in the shadow of the house, was deeper.

"We've come for arms," cried a deep hoarse voice.

"My father is away from home,—come and ask for them when he's here to answer you."

A wild, insolent laugh from below acknowledged what they thought of this speech.

"Maybe that was the rayson we came now, Miss," said a voice in a lighter tone.

"Fine courageous fellows you are to say so; I hope Ireland has more of such brave patriotic men."

"You'd better leave that, anyhow," said another, and as he spoke he levelled and fired, but evidently with intention to terrify rather than wound, for the plaster came tumbling down from several feet above her head; and now the knocking at the door was redoubled, and with a noise that resounded through the house.

"Wouldn't you advise her to give up the arms and let them go?" said Nina, in a whisper to Walpole; but though she was deadly pale there was no tremor in her voice.

"The door is giving way, the wood is completely rotten. Now for the stairs. Mr. Walpole, you're going to stand by me?"

"I should think so, but I'd rather you'd remain here. I know my ground now."

"No, I must be beside you. You'll have to keep a rolling fire, and I can load quicker than most people—come along now, we must take no light with us—follow me."

"Take care," said Nina to Walpole, as he passed, but with an accent so full of a strange significance it dwelt on his memory long after.

"What was it Nina whispered you, as you came by?" said Kate.

"Something about being cautious, I think," said he, carelessly.

"Stay where you are, Mathew," said the girl in a severe tone to the old servant, who was officiously pressing forward with a light.

"Go back!" cried she, as he persisted in following her.

"That's the worst of all our troubles here, Mr. Walpole," said she boldly: "you cannot depend on the people of your own household. The very people you have nursed in sickness, if they only belong to some secret association, will betray you!" She made no secret of her words, but spoke them loud enough to be heard by the group of servants now gathered on the landing. Noiseless she tripped down the stairs, and passed into the little dark alcove, followed by Walpole, carrying any amount of guns and carbines under his arm.

"These are loaded, I presume?" said he.

"All, and ready capped. The short carbine is charged with a sort of canister shot, and keep it for a short range,—if they try to pass over the iron gate. Now mind me, and I will give you the directions I heard my father give on this spot once before. Don't fire till they reach the foot of the stair."



"I cannot hear you," said he, for the din beneath, where they battered at the door, was now deafening.

"They'll be in in another moment—there, the lock has fallen off,—the door has given way," whispered she; "be steady, now, no hurry,—steady and calm."

As she spoke, the heavy oak door fell to the ground, and a perfect silence succeeded to the late din. After an instant, muttering whispers could be heard, and it seemed as if they doubted how far it was safe to enter, for all was dark within. Something was said in a tone of command, and at the moment one of the party flung forward a bundle of lighted straw and tow, which fell at the foot of the stairs, and for a few seconds lit up the place with a red lurid gleam, showing the steep stair and the iron bars of the little gate that crossed it.

"There's the iron wicket they spoke of," cried one. "All right, come on!" And the speaker led the way, cautiously, however, and slowly, the others after him.

"No, not yet," whispered Kate, as she pressed her hand upon Walpole's.

"I hear voices up there," cried the leader from below. "We'll make them leave that, anyhow." And he fired off his gun in the direction of the upper part of the stair: a quantity of plaster came clattering down as the ball struck the ceiling.

"Now," said she. "Now, and fire low!"

He discharged both barrels so rapidly that the two detonations blended into one, and the assailants replied by a volley, the echoing din almost sounding like artillery. Fast as Walpole could fire, the girl replaced the piece by another; when suddenly she cried, "There is a fellow at the gate—the carbine—the carbine now, and steady." A heavy crash and a cry followed his discharge, and snatching the weapon from him, she reloaded and handed it back with lightning speed. "There is another there," whispered she; and Walpole moved further out, to take a steadier aim. All was still: not a sound to be heard for some seconds, when the hinges of the gate creaked and the bolt shook in the lock. Walpole fired again, but as he did so, the others poured in a rattling volley, one shot grazing his cheek, and another smashing both bones of his right arm, so that the carbine fell powerless from his hand. The intrepid girl sprang to his side at once, and then passing in front of him, she fired some shots from a revolver in quick succession. A low, confused sound of feet, and a scuffling noise followed, when a rough, hoarse voice cried out, "Stop firing; we are wounded, and going away."

"Are you badly hurt?" whispered Kate to Walpole.

"Nothing serious; be still and listen!"

"There, the carbine is ready again. Oh, you cannot hold it—leave it to me," said she.

From the difficulty of removal, it seemed as though one of the party

beneath was either killed or badly wounded, for it was several minutes before they could gain the outer door.

"Are they really retiring?" whispered Walpole.

"Yes; they seem to have suffered heavily."

"Would you not give them one shot at parting—that carbine is charged?" asked he, anxiously.

"Not for worlds," said she; "savage as they are, it would be ruin to break faith with them."

"Give me a pistol, my left hand is all right." Though he tried to speak with calmness, the agony of pain he was suffering so overcame him that he leaned his head down, and rested it on her shoulder.

"My poor, poor fellow," said she, tenderly, "I would not for the world that this had happened."

"They're gone, Miss Kate, they've passed out at the big gate, and they're off," whispered old Mathew, as he stood trembling behind her.

"Here, call some one, and help this gentleman up the stairs, and get a mattress down on the floor at once; send off a messenger, Sally, for Doctor Tobin. He can take the car that came this evening, and let him make what haste he can."

"Is he wounded?" said Nina, as they laid him down on the floor. Walpole tried to smile and say something, but no sound came forth.

"My own dear, dear Cecil," whispered Nina, as she knelt and kissed his hand; "tell me it is not dangerous." But he had fainted.

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